

Sight & Sound

The Film Monthly

December

1/6



The Men & The Undeafed by RICHARD WINNINGTON

"The World Inside" by René Clair, Elmer Rice, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Raymond Chandler, William Saroyan, Christopher Isherwood and others

Studio One

Adj. Oxford Circus Underground, W.1.
GERRARD 3300

SEASONAL PRESENTATION OF OUTSTANDING FRENCH BRITISH & AMERICAN FILMS

Continuous Daily 12.45-11 p.m.; Sundays 4 p.m.-10 p.m.

PRICES:

2/3; 3/6; 4/6; 5/6; 7/6; 8/6

Bookable : 5/6; 7/6; 8/6

Special Terms for Parties

Studio Two (News) Theatre in same building
Price 1/- in all parts

Dance-Kaufmann

CYCLEFILMS

Loops 15/- each

Lengths 30/- each

ON

SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING

DRYAD-DANCE-KAUFMANN

CRAFTFILMS & CRAFTCYCLES

£8 and £20

15/- each

STRIPSLIDES

Filmstrips on Science and Engineering
12s. 6d. each

DANCE-KAUFMANN

LOOP-ABSORBER

£4 0 0

The words CYCLEFILM, LOOP-ABSORBER, CRAFTFILM,
CRAFTCYCLE were originated by us.

NOTE:—

OUR CYCLEFILMS in loop form REQUIRE NO ABSORBER

DANCE-KAUFMANN LTD

18 UPPER STANHOPE STREET, LIVERPOOL 8



JOHN KING

THE 16mm SOUND LIBRARY

for the **CONNOISSEUR OF GOOD FILMS**

Our new fully illustrated catalogue offers the following attractive advantages . . .

- Hire charges from 3/- per reel
- Majority of prints are new copies
- Viewing service of library prints of new films available for sale
- Nearly 400 feature and short film titles
- Discount allowance on block bookings

An unrivalled variety of short films — subjects include

Action — Sport — Children's Series — Medical — Religious — Educational

News Events — Cartoons — Comedies — Musicals — Adventure

World Travel — Continental Productions, etc., etc.

* The latest feature films with STAR artistes —

—LUXURY VIEWING THEATRE AVAILABLE FOR HIRE—

Send NOW for the latest illustrated catalogue

7/9, GLENTWORTH ST., BAKER ST., N.W.1

TEL: WELBECK 1157/8

FILM HOUSE, EAST STREET, BRIGHTON

Telephone: 25918 (2 lines)

Telegrams: Kingfilms, Brighton

FILMS

of Chemical Discoveries

To the record of British chemical achievement—

which is second to none—I.C.I. has made many

significant contributions. Two important examples—

I.C.I. research on insecticides and anti-malarial

drugs—form the subjects of recent I.C.I. films.

These films state in simple, non-technical

language the problems involved, and explain the

part played in their solution by I.C.I. discoveries.

Both films are available on free loan. Write for synopses.



Man against Insect

16 mm Sound Monochrome



War under the Microscope

16 mm Sound Monochrome

Catalogues are also available of Medical, Agriculture and Veterinary, School Science and General Interest films.

I.C.I. Film Library

BOLTON HOUSE · CURZON STREET · LONDON W.1



K.3

SIGHT AND SOUND'S GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

Brief Pointers to the principal films showing in British cinemas during December. Last-minute changes of programme after our press-date may cause one or two inaccuracies (chiefly in the London area) but we hope this list may serve as a useful general guide. Films with an asterisk are particularly recommended.

***ALL ABOUT EVE** (Fox). Too long but often witty and shrewd account of a young actress's quietly unscrupulous climb to fame. Good theatre-land atmosphere and splendid performance by Bette Davis. (Anne Baxter, George Sanders, Gary Merrill: director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz.)

***ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT** (Academy Cinema/Eros). Milestone's 1930 study of a group of young German volunteers in the 1914-1918 war stands the test of time pretty well, and emerges for the most part as an honest and arresting film. (Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim, Slim Summerville.)

***ASPHALT JUNGLE, The** (M.G.M.). A study of the planning, execution and retribution of a million dollar jewel robbery. At once a taut, dramatic thriller and an observant study of the criminal mentality and atmosphere. (Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Sam Jaffe, Louis Calhern; director, John Huston.)

***BEAUTE DU DIABLE, La** (G.C.T.). Clair's tragi-comic reworking of the Faust story, with many witty and clever passages but a disappointing conclusion. A wonderful performance by Michel Simon. (Gérard Philipe, Nicole Besnard.)

CAGED (Warners). Forceful, journalistic, over-sensational account of conditions in a women's prison, and of the debasement of one of the inmates. (Eleanor Parker, Agnes Moorehead, Hope Emerson: director John Cromwell.)

***CINDERELLA** (R.K.O.). The first full-length Disney fairy tale for some time: charming animal characters, a teen-age heroine and prince, and on the whole very enjoyable.

***CITY LIGHTS** (United Artists). Reissue of one of Chaplin's greatest films (1931): the story of a tramp, an eccentric millionaire and a blind flower girl, told with humour and intense pathos. (Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, Harry Myers: written and directed by Chaplin.)

CLOUDED YELLOW, The (G.F.D.). A retired secret service agent helps a bewildered young girl to establish her innocence in a murder case. Rather improbable, conventionally made melodrama. (Trevor Howard, Jean Simmons: director, Ralph Thomas.)

***CRISIS** (M.G.M.). Topical and interesting melodrama about a doctor forced to operate on a power-mad Latin American dictator, and his crisis of conscience. (Cary Grant, Jose Ferrer, Signe Hasso: director, Richard Brooks.)

DAUGHTER OF ROSIE O'GRADY (Warners). Technicolor musical about stage-struck daughter of famous star anxious to follow in mother's footsteps; indifferent songs, Irish whimsy. (June Haver, Gordon Macrae: director, David Butler.)

ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL, The (British Lion). Lavish technicolor version of the Orczy legend, made without much life or excitement. (David Niven, Margaret Leighton, Cyril Cusack: directors, Powell and Pressburger.)

FLAME AND THE ARROW (Warners). High-spirited cloak and sword adventures set in medieval Lombardy; many acrobatic stunts, and no pretence of period accuracy. (Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo: director, Jacques Tourneur.)

FRIGHTENED CITY (Columbia). The pursuit of a girl wanted both for a jewel robbery and as a spreader of smallpox germs; unpleasant concentration on illness, otherwise a conventional thriller. (Evelyn Keyes, Charles Korvin: director, Earl McEvoy.)

GLASS MENAGERIE, The (Warners). Screen version of the Tennessee Williams play about a mother's efforts to provide a gentleman caller for her crippled, shy daughter, which fails to convey the poetic qualities of the original. (Gertrude Lawrence, Jane Wyman, Arthur Kennedy, Kirk Douglas: director, Irving Rapper.)

GLASS MOUNTAIN, The (Renown). Reissue of a British novelette about a composer, his wife and the other woman, in the Dolomites. (Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Valentina Cortese: director, Henry Cass.)

HARRIET CRAIG (Columbia). An engineer has a psychotic wife, and does not discover the extent of her possessive machinations until the last reel. Dreary. (Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey: director, Vincent Sherman.)

***IF YOU FEEL LIKE SINGING** (M.G.M.). Judy Garland and Gene Kelly in fine form in a gay but patchy musical about the arrival at a country farmhouse of a troupe of actors. (Eddie Bracken: director, Charles Walters.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (M.G.M.). Large-scale account of Safari in Africa: Rider Haggard story, wild animals, local colour. (Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr: director, Compton Bennett.)

KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE (Warners). Tired but repulsive gangster story. (James Cagney, Barbara Payton: director, Gordon Douglas.)

LET'S DANCE (Paramount). Betty Hutton and Fred Astaire present two discordant styles of performance in a musical complicated by the domestic detail of the plot. (Director, Norman McLeod.)

MANON (Grand National). Clouzot's modern, very freely adapted version of *Manon Lescaut*: occasionally brilliant, generally flashy, intermittently censored. (Michel Auclair, Cecile Aubry, Serve Reggiani.)

MAN ON THE EIFFEL TOWER (Independent). Confused version of Simenon thriller: battle of nerves between Maigret and mad killer. Paris locations and Anscocolor. (Charles Laughton, Burgess Meredith, Franchot Tone: director, B. Meredith.)

***MEN, The** (United Artists). Sympathetic, absorbing, beautifully made study of a hospital for paraplegic war veterans. Dynamic performance from Marlon Brando. (Teresa Wright, Everett Sloane: director, Fred Zinnemann.)

MR. MUSIC (Paramount). Bing Crosby ambling agreeably through a mild, pleasant musical, well provided with songs. (Nancy Olson, Charles Coburn: director, Richard Haydn.)

MUDLARK, The (Fox). Apocryphal story of a little urchin who breaks into Windsor Castle to see Queen Victoria, and is instrumental in bringing her out of her widowed retirement. A lighter touch sorely needed. (Irene Dunne, Alec Guinness, Andrew Ray: director, Jean Negulesco.)

***OCCUPE-TOI D'AMELIE** (Grand National). Autant-Lara's agreeable version of a boulevard farce of the 1900's; set in the frame of a stage performance, played at high speed, and engagingly artificial. (Danielle Darrieux, Jean Desailly.)

SHE SHALL HAVE MURDER (Independent). Comedy thriller set in South Kensington: average. (Rosamund John, Derrick de Marney: director, Daniel Birt.)

THREE LITTLE WORDS (M.G.M.). Technicolor musical based vaguely on the lives of songwriters Kalmar and Ruby, wasting for the most part the talents of Astaire and Vera-Ellen. (Director, Richard Thorpe.)

TWO FLAGS WEST (Fox). Civil war western about Confederate troops given their freedom on condition that they join the fight against the Indians. Rather aimless, but with some effective scenes, striking photography, and a fine battle sequence. (Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde: director, Robert Wise.)

WOMAN ON THE RUN (G.F.P.). Ordinary thriller about a man on the run. (Ann Sheridan, Dennis O'Keefe: director, Norman Foster.)

Sight & Sound

Published by the British Film Institute

VOLUME 19 (New Series) No. 8

DECEMBER 1950

CONTENTS

FILM GUIDE	306	<i>Films of the Month—</i>	
<i>The Front Page—</i>	309	THE MEN & THE UNDEFEATED	
HUMPHREY JENNINGS	Basil Wright 311		Richard Winnington 329
GUIDE TO FIVE FESTIVALS	312	LA BEAUTE DU DIABLE	Catherine de la Roche 331
INTERVIEW WITH WELLES	Francis Koval 314	<i>Retrospective Reviews—</i>	
THE PROTECTED INDUSTRY	Duncan Crow 317	SEVEN DAYS TO NOON, THE HEIRESS, WAGONMASTER, TWO FLAGS WEST, CRISIS, OCCUPE-TOI D'AMELIE	332
POEM & DRAWING	Stevie Smith 318	EDITING	Karel Reisz 335
HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US	Henry Raynor 319	THE MUSIC OF COPLAND	Antony Hopkins 336
THE SEVENTH ART	322	REVALUATIONS (6)	
THE WORLD INSIDE	Raymond Chandler,	JEANNE D'ARC	Roger Manvell 337
Christopher Isherwood, Scott Fitzgerald,		TELEVISION	Ernest Lindgren 340
Rene Clair, Elmer Rice, William Saroyan, etc.	323	THE SOUND TRACK	John Huntley 340
TWO REVIVALS	328	CORRESPONDENCE & COMPETITION	341

ON THE COVER: the smallest of "les petits Poulbot," Montmartre children in a French comedy,
Plus des Vacances pour le Bon Dieu, to be shown here shortly.

I'll meet you at

BETTER BOOKS

Booksellers OF 94 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, WC2

THE CREAM OF ALL NEW BOOKS ALWAYS ON DISPLAY



SERVICE for Producers and Exhibitors

WHATEVER your problems as a Film Producer, an Exhibitor, or as an Amateur Cine enthusiast, Kay's service is at your disposal with helpful advice, courtesy and a host of experts using only the best equipment.

KAY FILM PRINTING SERVICE

Full laboratory service DAY AND NIGHT for all professional and amateur work.

35 mm. 16 mm. Opticals. Sound and Silent Processing.

KAY STUDIO SERVICE

Full Studio Facilities. R.C.A. Standard and Push Pull Sound Recording. Title Department. Diagrams. Editing Rooms.

KAY FILMSTRIP SERVICE

Scripting. Research. Photography. Art Work. Film-strip Negatives and Printing. Boxing.

REMINDER. Have you sent for the latest Butcher Film Service 16 mm. Catalogue?

16 mm Dept., 175, Wardour Street, London, W.1



LABORATORIES :

22 Soho Square, W.1 - GERrard 7811

49a Oxford Road, Finsbury Park, N.4 - ARChway 3050

STUDIOS :

72a Carlton Hill,
St. John's Wood, N.W.8
MALda Vale 1141

The Front Page

Hard Times

IN ITS MONTHLY FORM, SIGHT AND SOUND has now been in existence for one year; and, all in all, it has been a hard year in the cinema. Criticism needs, as well as the stimulus of readers, the stimulus of creative work and vitality. In the last year there have been good films from Europe, from America, but very few from Britain. Here, in fact, we have been on the edge of a vacuum. The present disordered state of the film industry, the uncertainties and difficulties with which directors are faced, has brought about a general condition which demands both sympathy and reproach. It should be obvious that British film-makers are contending with unfavourable circumstances and a certain social apathy; the economic reasons for this are now being discussed in a series of articles by Duncan Crow, but the creative problem, with the entry of fresh talent into the medium barred by the crisis, is even more complex.

Recently the New London Film Society gave a special showing of modern American experimental films, mostly made with restricted means on 16 mm. This excellent programme drew overdue attention to the existence in the United States of a wide and active experimental movement. Many of the films have an irritating streak of pretentiousness, and they are in general over-preoccupied with private psychological problems. Nevertheless, a number of them—notably those by Sidney Petersen (not included in this programme), Curtis Harrington and Kenneth Anger—show undoubted originality of approach, a grasp of the medium, and a willingness to tackle difficult subjects. Nor is the American experimental cinema limited to this style, as such films as Joseph Strick's and Irving Lerner's brilliant *Muscle Beach*, and Ian Hugo's *Ai-Ye*, a poetic impression of Brazil, bear witness. (Strick is now engaged on a full-length feature, made independently of Hollywood.) What is more, the whole movement finds a responsive audience: the membership of "Cinema 16", a society in New York devoted to the showing of experimental films, is constantly increasing.

Introducing the New London Programme, John Grierson stressed the need for finding fresh film talent in Britain. One is glad to hear, in this connection, that the National Film Finance Corporation, as well as announcing a more selective policy in the future, is now considering the formation of a special group to aid new directors and producers. (Such a project, by the way, has been advocated more than once in these pages.) The task of finding these new people will no doubt be a considerable one. That some interesting amateur work exists here is undeniable—the two films made by Alan Cooke and John Schlesinger, those by Walter Lassally and Derek Yorke (actually professional technicians working in spare time), the puppet film *Marionettes*, some remarkable nature studies—but it cannot be said that their individuality of approach or exploration of style measure up at all to the Americans'. And, taking the wider view, it cannot be pretended that any work has recently reached the screen from British film-makers comparable to that of

Sucksdorff, of Emmer, of Strick, Ian Hugo, Sidney Petersen, Kenneth Anger and others.

On the professional level, three achievements of 1950 stand out—notable in any year, but particularly at the moment: these are two feature films, *Seven Days to Noon* and *Chance of a Lifetime*, and a documentary, *The Undefeated*. There have also been two encouraging gestures in the last few months—the co-operative unit established by the A.C.T. to make *Green Grow the Rushes*, and the formation of a co-operative non-profit making company to produce the 1951 Festival film on Friese-Greene. (Without this, there would have been no Festival feature at all.) But here the list ends. SIGHT AND SOUND has been accused of anti-British cinema bias, a charge we believe to be untrue: we have, rather, paid British films the compliment of judging them on an international level, for it is only by the continuing development of a vigorous style and tradition that the British cinema will be able to hold its own. Lately it has relapsed, and neither critical indulgence nor shifting responsibility to the welfare state and blaming lack of patronage should be allowed to get round this fact. Patronage, after all, is a by-product and not a begetter of talent.

What is now needed more than ever is courage and boldness from established film-makers and talent-scouting on a new, exhaustive scale. Only by facing these long-term issues, as well as the more immediate economic needs, will the British cinema really survive.

The Cost of Production

THE RANK ORGANISATION is a vast concern. It owns film studios, production companies, laboratories, distributing companies, and cinemas; the cinemas alone are worth nearly £36,000,000; it makes film and cinema equipment; it owns a well-known radio manufacturing concern, as well as the patents of Baird television; it has investments of more than £3,500,000 in film business abroad, including the American Universal Pictures and Eagle-Lion Films Inc. It is also connected with Twentieth Century Fox. Consequently, as Mr. Rank says in the statement which accompanies the annual accounts of the Organisation published this autumn, "the problems of the Industry can hardly be separated from those of the group".

The balance sheet of Odeon Theatres Ltd.—the parent company—and its subsidiaries is a fair indication of what one might expect to see if a balance sheet were drawn up for the whole of the British film trade and industry. It is not a very happy sight. While the Organisation can be congratulated in a strictly business sense on the recovery it has made since its catastrophic losses in the previous year, the accounts leave little room for optimism about the future of the industry.

Production is the trouble. How many of the millions of cinema-goers who paid £26,615,205 into the box-offices of the 554 Rank cinemas during the year—a figure which represents about 25 per cent. of all the box-office takings in the country—would be distressed if they never saw another new British first feature? The situation is hardly likely to become quite as critical as that, but the Odeon accounts are an additional proof, if one were needed, that producing British films just doesn't pay. Some British films make a profit, but what they make is not sufficient to offset the losses on the majority. Last year Rank lost £2,325,000 on pro-

duction; an improvement on the loss of £4,646,000 in the previous year, but it was only achieved by a drastic reduction in the number of films made. With bank loans and overdrafts still totalling nearly £13,000,000, the Organisation is not prepared to return to a higher rate of film production. For the coming year it proposes to limit its programme mainly to the provision of "finance and creative and technical assistance" to independent producers. The finance will be provided in the form of Distribution Guarantees, which means in effect that some other body will have to shoulder a good deal of the risk involved.

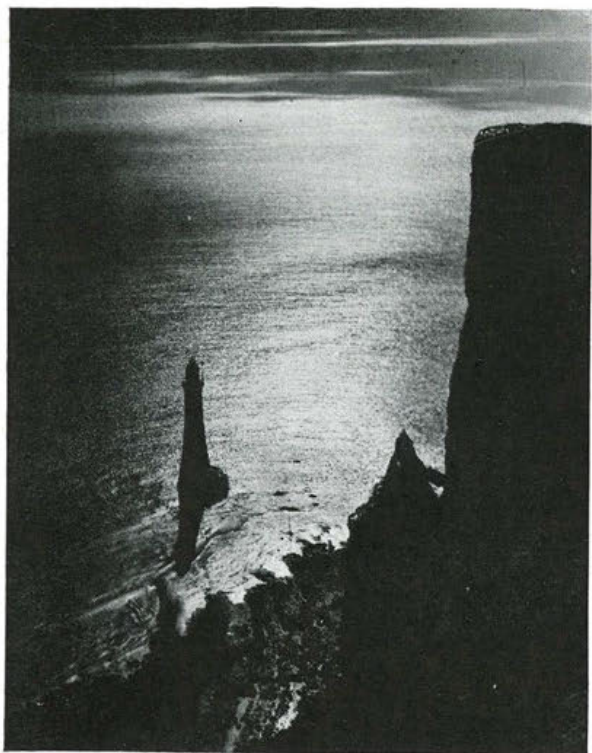
What can be done to solve this problem of production? Mr. Rank's answer is a straight-forward one: reduce the present "unreasonable burden" of the Entertainments Tax. Out of the £26.6 million that came to the Organisation through their box-offices no less than £10.3 million was paid out in Entertainments Tax. A reduction in this form of taxation would not provide the whole answer to the problems of the industry, but without it there seems little hope that any other measure can be successful. The new British Film Production Fund will go some way towards reducing the losses of film producers but it will not close the gap, unless the volume of production is so reduced as to make nonsense of the Quota and to turn the industry into a seventh-rate concern.

Unfair to Judy

The M.G.M. musical *If you Feel like Singing* arrived in London in the wake of various news stories about Judy Garland's breakdown in health. For critics at least it was common knowledge that she made the film during the aftermath of a collapse, and that she had another at the finish. While this shows through in the film itself—in the untidiness of certain sequences, and in the star's plump appearance—*If you Feel like Singing* is still a musical of verve and vigour, with some enjoyable dancing by Gene Kelly and with Judy Garland's charm and talent clearly apparent, in spite of a nervous quality in her performance. A number of critics, nevertheless, seem to have taken a peculiar and almost ghoulish delight in commenting on Miss Garland's appearance to the exclusion of everything else, discovering signs of strain with exclamations of surprise that one can only regard as affected or as an excuse for a journalistic showpiece.

One notices that the *Daily Express*—which had, a few weeks back, given readers a juicy description of the star's illness—commented on the film: "You can see the distress on her face. Despite the colour camera, the sweat of anxiety and the fear in her eyes come up stark on the screen. Kelly ad-libs when she loses a line, or when frozen horror starts creeping over her face. The director cuts ruthlessly when a close-up begins to go wrong . . .". And it concludes: "It gives me no pleasure to punch it in the nose. I could hope that the friends of Judy Garland will see it and understand . . .".

The People rehashes the illness and studio disagreement story ("Judy has suddenly become, well, over-weight, to put it kindly. And you can imagine, seeing her like that, how her tragic dispute with the studio could have arisen"): the over-weight theme recurs in the *Daily Mail*, *News Chronicle*, *Daily Herald*, *Evening Standard*, *Sunday Chronicle* (headlined "She's Plumper") and *Reynolds News*. All this cannot be described as hitting a star when she's down, since the performance is too lively for that. It is, though, a disagreeable example of journalistic excess at the expense of a talented performer.



A landscape from "Family Portrait", Jennings' last film, made for the Festival of Britain.

HUMPHREY JENNINGS

Basil Wright



Jennings on location for "Family Portrait".

RESTLESS, QUESTIONING, QUESTING, now probing, now wide-ranging, his genius could not satisfy its desires for a total synthesis, an embracing of all means of expression within imposed limits. Over and over again one would see him gasp for breath, suffocate almost in the spring-tide of ideas which flooded him. He talked faster and faster; the words could not keep pace. He wrote and wrote; his pen could not outstrip the thoughts which exploded one out of the other in a kind of chain-reaction. He made films—largely, it may be, because the art of cinema provides great possibilities for synthesis, and, in terms of fluid visuals and montage, speeds the expression of ideas to a degree which no one has yet satisfactorily analysed. But not even the film could keep pace with this man who wanted, in effect, to compress the life-experience of a modern renaissance into a symmetrical shape prolonged in time for less than sixty minutes. He would emerge from production feeling defeated, hardly aware that what to him was a mere sketch of what he had determined to say gave to his audiences an experience rich, rare, vivid, and often disturbing.

Perhaps it was in painting, to which he many times turned between periods of film work, that he found a certain serenity, if indeed he could ever rest. But even that, I would guess, he alternated with work on that *magnum opus* (never, alas, completed) about the Industrial Revolution—the book he called *Pandemonium*, in talking of which his conversation was at its most brilliant and most exciting.

He had a brilliant career at Cambridge, in the course of which he made a considerable impression as a stage designer—notably with large-scale productions of Purcell's *King Arthur* and Honnegger's *King David*. After this, he concentrated for a time on painting and writing, and it was not until 1934 that he came to films, at a time when the G.P.O. Film Unit was in the throes of its first experimental sound-film, *Pett and Pott*.

In those early days he seemed prepared to turn his hand to anything, from set-designing to acting. The most important of his earlier films was *Spare Time*, a screen-presentation of a Mass-Observation approach to the question of leisure. His own observation in this film was at times almost embarrassing in its objectivity—as when, without comment, he juxtaposed shots of a terrible tastelessness to shots of a traditional grace; but the film was full of memorable images, and, in relation to his subsequent work, needs a more careful study than it has yet received.

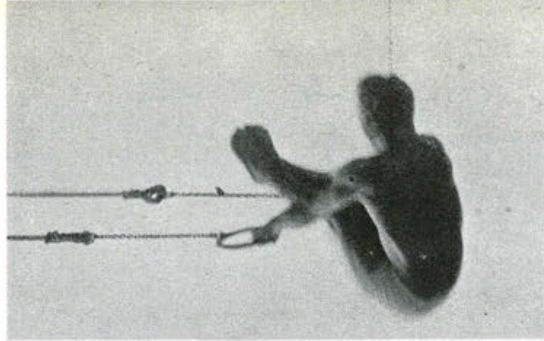
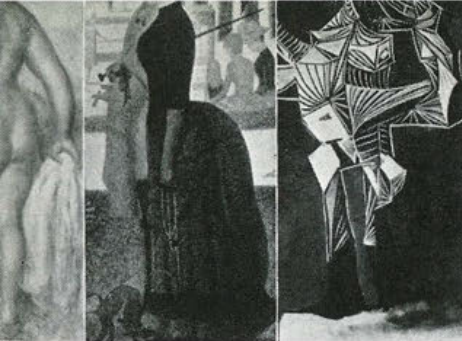
Of his other films, and particularly *Listen to Britain*, *Fires were Started*, *Silent Village*, *Diary for Timothy*, *A Defeated People*, and *Cumberland Story*, others more competent than myself have written. Nor can one generalise about his film-work, which ranged from the stark simplicity of *Silent Village* to the extreme complexity of *Diary for Timothy*; the best one can do is to draw attention to the intensity of vision which imbued all his productions.

To work with him on a film was to experience very vividly the actual process of creation. Nothing was withheld, nothing locked-up. The entire unit had to try and breast the enormous billows of his ideas, and indeed to try and match, as best they could, his apparently inexhaustible energy.

He made those who worked with him wiser in their own jobs; often he drew from them skills they did not know they possessed. Even at his most incomprehensible (and that adjective, spoken in an affectionate tone of voice, was often heard during his productions) he commanded an absolute loyalty from his co-workers—a loyalty based on love and respect.

He will not be here for the première of his last film, *Family Portrait*, but after it I for one shall seem to hear his voice telling us what he thinks of what we think of it. For which of us who knew him can possibly feel he is really dead?

Details of "A Tribute to Humphrey Jennings" are on page 342.



A GUIDE TO FIVE FESTIVALS

For information on Les Rendezvous de Biarritz we are grateful to Lindsay Anderson, and on the Karlovy Vary festival to Ralph Bond. The Antibes festival (a new occasion, arranged by Henri Langlois of the Cinémathèque Française) revived a number of important films; space permits mention of only the rarer ones.

EDINBURGH

- *BALLERINA (France). A lively and two-thirds successful experiment in the dance film: four choreographed dream sequences. (Director, Ludwig Berger: with Violette Verdy.)
- *DOMENICA D'AGOSTO (Italy). Slight, untidy though charming film of incidents during a Sunday afternoon on a Roman pleasure beach. (Director, Luciano Emmer.)
- LE POINT DU JOUR (France). Conscientious but rather dull account of a French mining community. (Director, Louis Daquin: with Jean Desailly, Loleh Bellon.)
- *LA TERRA TREMA (Italy). A remarkable study of Sicilian fishermen: slow, shapeless, but with great poetic feeling. (Director, Luchino Visconti.)
- *UN HOMME MARCHE DANS LA VILLE (France). A raw slice of life in the docks of Havre: black and powerful. (Director, Marcel Pagliero: with Ginette Leclerc, J. P. Kerrien.)
- *AI-YE (U.S.A.). A poetic, symbolic impression of a voyage through Brazil. Colour. (Director, Ian Hugo.)
- *BROTHERHOOD OF MAN (U.S.A.). Witty and nicely drawn cartoon on the subject of racial tolerance. (Designer/Director, John Hubley.)
- *GRANDMA MOSES (U.S.A.). An interview with this wonderful American painter, and a camera impression of her work.
- *KON-TIKI (Sweden). A factual account of the famous expedition: much interesting material.
- *MUSCLE BEACH (U.S.A.). Athletes and spectators on a pleasure beach: a highly original blend of poetry and satire. (Made by Joseph Strick and Irving Lerner.)
- *SEAL ISLAND (U.S.A.). The life of seals on an island in the Bering sea: Disney's first factual production, excellently done. (Director, James Algar.)

- *STRANDHUGG ("Summer Interlude", Sweden). The latest Sucksdorff: summer in a small resort on the west coast, the life of locals and visitors contrasted. Very attractive.
- SYMPHONIE PAYSANNE (Belgium). The cycle of seasons on a farm; pleasantly but rather conventionally done. (Director, Henri Storck.)
- *THE TITAN (Germany-U.S.A.). An essay in historical biography. Curt Oertel's pre-war study of Michelangelo re-edited in America under the supervision of Flaherty.
- TRANSPORTS URBAINS (France). Parody of Documentary clichés; quite amusing. (Director, Alain Gibaud.)
- *TRIBUTE TO W. B. YEATS (Ireland). Elegy on a national poet: rather static, but made with great feeling.

VENICE

- *CINDERELLA (U.S.A.). Disney's latest full-length cartoon, and a happy return to the manner of *Snow White*.
 - DIEU A BESOIN DES HOMMES (France). Religious irregularities on a primitive Breton island: a promising subject much too pretentiously handled by Jean Delannoy. (With Pierre Fresnay, Madeleine Robinson.)
 - DOMANO E' TROPPO TARDI (Italy). A plea for the sexual enlightenment of adolescents, dramatised in a school romance. Fair. (Director, Leonide Moguy: with Vittorio de Sica, Anne-Maria Pierangeli, Gabrielle Dorziat.)
 - *DONNE SENZA NOME (Italy). Gripping film about a prison camp of women D.P.s. (Director, Geza von Radvanyi: with Valentina Cortese, Françoise Rosay, Simone Simon, Gino Cervi, Vivi Gioi.)
 - EPILOG (Germany). Espionage melodrama with a submarine setting: too heavily treated. (Director, Helmut Kautner: with Fritz Kortner, Paul Hoerbiger, Bettina Moisi.)
 - JUSTICE EST FAITE (France). The lives of members of a jury on a murder case set against the murder story itself. Well made, ordinary. (Director, André Cayatte: with Michel Auclair, Valentine Tessier.)
 - PRIMA COMUNIONE (Italy). The frantic search for a young girl's white communion dress, lost on the morning of her first communion: erratic but frequently entertaining comedy. (Director, Alessandro Blasetti: with Aldo Fabrizi.)
 - *LA RONDE (France). Elegant and witty adaptation of Schnitzler's play about eternal adultery. (Director, Max Ophüls: with Danielle Darrieux, Daniel Gelin, Simone Simon, Gérard Philipe, Barrault, Walbrook, etc.)
 - SAN FRANCESCO (Italy). Rossellini's episodic account of St. Francis, based on "The Little Flowers": disappointingly cold and flat.
 - *LA VIE COMMENCE DEMAIN (France). A young man interviews Sartre, Jean Rostand, Gide, Le Corbusier, Picasso and others on the subject of the Future. A bold experiment that does not quite come off. (With Jean-Pierre Aumont: director, Nicole Vedrès.)
- Also notable revivals of DROLE DE DRAME (Carné): HALLELUJAH and OUR DAILY BREAD (Vidor).



Left: Trnka's puppet film "The Emperor and the Nightingale". Top, left to right: Haesaerts' use of the split screen in "De Renoir a Picasso": the American "Muscle Beach". Sucksdorff's "Strandhugg":



Apart from Locarno (accounted for in a previous issue), there have been five European festivals in 1950, at Edinburgh, Venice, Antibes, Biarritz and Karlovy Vary. The loss of two issues has made a full report from each festival impracticable; we are publishing instead a guide to the main films—features, documentaries, cartoons—shown at each. Films already known or shown in this country have been omitted. New ones considered outstanding are marked with an asterisk.

- *BEAVER VALLEY (U.S.A.). Another Disney-produced nature documentary, lively in presentation.
- *LES CHARMES DE L'EXISTENCE (France). Charming evocation of life between 1860 and 1914 through academic painting of the period. (By Jean Grémillon and Pierre Kast.)
- *DE RENOIR A PICASSO (Belgium). Ingenious essay on modern artists, informed and stimulating. (By Paul Haesaerts.)
- *DISASTRI DELLA GUERRA (Italy). Emmer dramatises the pictures by Goya: music by Segovia.
- *GEORGES BRAQUE (France). An interview with the artist. (By Frédérique Duran.)
- PLONGEE DE RUBIS (France). Account of a submarine submerging: good underwater photography. (By J. Y. Cousteau.)
- *RAGTIME BEAR (U.S.A.). Charming and amusing cartoon by a new American group. (Director/Designer, John Hubley.)

ANTIBES

- BATTLE OF STALINGRAD (U.S.S.R.). See *The Third Blow*, only more so. (Director, V. Petrov.)
 - THE FIRST YEARS (Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland). Joris Ivens' disappointing account of life and reconstruction in three European countries since the war.
 - MICHURIN (U.S.S.R.). A biography of the scientist: generally too subordinated to propaganda demands, but with some impressive moments. (Director, Alexander Dovzhenko.)
 - *IMAGES MEDIEVALES (France). Medieval life and customs evoked through illuminated manuscripts of the time: exquisite colour. (By William Novik.)
 - *THE LAND (U.S.A.). A suppressed documentary made in 1941 by Flaherty for the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, on the misuse of farm land. Of great interest.
- Also many fine revivals, including NAPOLEON (Gance), ZVENIGORA (Dovzhenko), STORM OVER ASIA (Pudovkin), THE KID and THE CIRCUS (Chaplin), and a fascinating programme of films made by children.*

BIARRITZ

- CRONACA DI UN AMORE (Italy). A romantic melodrama locationed in Milan: the first film of a promising new director, Michelangelo Antonioni. (With Massimo Girotti, Lucia Bose.)
- *EMPEROR AND THE NIGHTINGALE (Czechoslovakia). A beautiful and delicate puppet version, in Agfacolour, of Andersen's tale. (By Jiri Trnka: commentary by Cocteau.)

- THE THIRD BLOW (U.S.S.R.). Massively reconstructed war sequences alternating with awed scenes of Stalin in conference. (Director, Savtchenko.)
- ARABIE INTERDITE (France). An interesting though protracted account in colour of an expedition into Arabia in 1936. (By René Clément.)
- *DESORDRE (France). Delightful satirical film of the personalities, eccentrics and general atmosphere of St. Germain des Prés. (By Jacques Baratier.)
- *GUERNICA (France). Picasso's mural and some of his other works dramatised by Alain Resnais to illumine an artist's protest against the horrors of modern war.

KARLOVY VARY

- CHAO (China). A simple and moving resistance film, about a woman partisan captured and tortured.
- COUNCIL OF THE GODS (Germany). A factual exposure of the I.G. Farben Chemical Trust and its role in financing Hitler and promoting war. (Director, Kurt Maetzig.)
- *FALL OF BERLIN (U.S.S.R.). Impressive account of the last battle of the Second World War. (Director, M. Tschiarelli.)
- *KUBAN COSSACKS (U.S.S.R.). Gay and charming musical comedy of collective farm life. (Director, I. Pyrjev.)
- *PRINCE BAYAYA (Czechoslovakia). Fairy-tale puppet film by Trnka, beautifully done.
- STEEL TOWN (Czechoslovakia). Powerful story of working-class struggle against unemployment and wage-cuts in pre-war years. (Director, Martin Fric.)

Right: Ginette Leclerc and J. P. Kerien in "Un Homme Marche dans la Ville". Top, left to right: Visconti's "La Terra Trema": Violette Verdy in a dream sequence from "Ballerina": Daniel Gelin and Danielle Darrieux in "La Ronde".





INTERVIEW WITH WELLES

Francis Koval

THAT NIGHT the curtain rose twenty minutes late in the Paris Theatre where Orson Welles was the main attraction; Orson Welles, the producer and principal actor of *The Blessed and The Damned* written by himself in collaboration with Milton, Dante and Marlowe, as the programme explains.

The angry audience, stamping their feet impatiently, fortunately never suspected that my own dinner-table interview with Welles had been the cause of that delay; the fact was that, engrossed in conversation, we both completely forgot to look at the time. Much as I regretted the result, I could not help feeling that—from the mere journalistic point of view—this was not exactly a failure, considering that Orson Welles had started our talk with the plain statement: “You highbrows writing on movies are nuts! In order to write about movies you must first make them. . . .”

He was still as unconventional and unafraid of shocking anybody as when I first met him three years ago on his arrival in England. On that occasion, towards the end of a reception given in his honour by Sir Alexander Korda, he started a heated discussion on *Hamlet* with Eileen Herlie (just then playing in Laurence Olivier’s film) and myself. When the executives of London Films approached him, pointing out that the reception was practically finished and they were going home, Welles replied undisturbed, “I bid you farewell then, gentlemen, but I am just having a most interesting talk with these folks here, and I would like to continue if you don’t mind”. And then, while the lights went out one after another and the waiters were clearing the tables, Welles—with a stunning abundance of Shakespearian quotations—proceeded to psycho-analyse Ophelia and to explain to us his conception of *Hamlet* as Shakespeare’s most anti-feminist play.

He must have behaved with the same dazzling self-assurance when in 1932—at the age of 17—he arrived in

Dublin and obtained a part at the Gate Theatre, pretending to the manager-director, Hilton Edwards, to be one of the stars of the New York Theatre Guild. Very soon Hilton Edwards—like the rest of the world—discovered that the self-assurance was backed by original genuine talent, and he became one of Welles’ closest friends. (As a matter of fact, he is co-producer of the show running in Paris at present, and plans to direct Welles’ next film.) The prodigy attracted world-wide attention in 1936 with his production of *Macbeth* with an all Negro cast, and again in 1938 with his radio-play on the invasion from Mars. Its unsurpassed realism created a panic in the United States at the time and led to an abrupt end of the young author’s brilliant broadcasting career.

Undismayed by countless failures, Orson Welles founded his own theatre, wrote, produced, acted and concentrated on the study of Shakespeare, poured out new ideas. In 1939 he turned to the cinema and in 1941 produced *Citizen Kane*, one of the most controversial films of the last decade. Admired by a discerning minority, hated and bitterly attacked by more or less inarticulate majorities in most countries, the picture did not bring the financial results expected, but it established Welles’ name in the cinema. It cost him that unlimited freedom hardly ever given before to a film-maker by Hollywood executives; a freedom that is to him an essential condition of creative film-work. Lack of this condition is discernible in the pictures that followed: *The Magnificent Ambersons*, *Journey into Fear*, *The Lady from Shanghai*, *The Stranger*.

The derogatory statement about serious cinema journalists coming from a man of such achievements—a man who at 35 still gives the impression of an exuberant, brilliantly seductive child prodigy—did not sound offensive at all. It was pronounced with a twinkling smile and in a perfectly charming manner, so typical of Welles—but when I asked him to

substantiate it, he erupted:

"Well, I cannot swallow all the sacrosanct principles and accepted truths underlying the writings of people who try to deal seriously with the problems of films. For one, you all seem to start from the article of faith that a silent picture is necessarily better than a sound one. . . ."

My puzzled expression and a timid attempt at interruption were of no avail. All signs of my disagreement and bewilderment were swept aside by a grandiloquent hand movement.

"What I mean to say", he continued, "is that you always overstress the value of images. You judge films in the first place by their visual impact instead of looking for content. This is a great disservice to the cinema. It is like judging a novel only by the quality of its prose. I was guilty of the same sin, when I first started writing about the cinema. It was the experience of film-making that changed my outlook.

"Now I feel that only the literary mind can help the movies out of that cul-de-sac into which they have been driven by mere technicians and artificers. That is why I think that to-day the importance of the director in film making is exaggerated, while the writer hardly ever gets the place of honour due to him. To me people like Marcel Pagnol or Jacques Prévert mean more than any others in the French cinema. In my opinion the writer should have the first and the last word in film making, the only better alternative being the writer-director, but with the stress on the first word".

When I pressed for actual examples to illustrate this theory (which sounds somewhat startling from a man made famous by the visual impact of *Citizen Kane*), Orson Welles produced one without hesitation:

"Take a picture that has become a classic, and deservedly so: *La Femme du Boulanger*. What have you got there? Bad photography, inadequate cutting and a lot of happenings which are told instead of shown. But there is a story and an actor—both superb—which makes it a perfect movie. The story is not even particularly 'cinema'. I think I could make a play out of it in one evening, if I wanted to.

"This example illustrates perhaps better than anything else what I mean when I talk about the primary importance of

the film story. I certainly don't refer merely to the anecdotal value, that you can summarise in a brief outline like: 'She slaves for 20 years to repay that pearl necklace, and then it proved to be a fake. . . .' It is really more a combination of human factors and basic ideas that makes a subject worth putting on the screen".

It turns out that Orson has been considerably impressed by the Italian neo-realists, but for reasons which fit into the line of his argument. He was struck by Vittorio de Sica's lyric power, particularly as expressed in *Sciuscia*, while he thinks *Bicycle Thieves* more commercial and slick, but less observed. To him de Sica's greatness lies in his being a writer-director in the Chaplin tradition. Together with Carol Reed he has been fighting tooth and nail to get one particular de Sica story which was just "an ideal subject for a great movie". But in the end de Sica decided to make the film himself. Among the younger generation he considers Renato Castellani one of the most promising directors, and is very enthusiastic about his *E Primavera*.

Although in the course of conversation Orson underlines several times that he is essentially a theatre man and "rather hazy on the subject of movies", the continuous flow of ideas cascading from his lips with fervour and conviction belies these affirmations.

"I definitely prefer to act on the stage than before the camera", he says. "I find film acting extremely exhausting, both mentally and physically, and I honestly believe I am not a good movie-actor. Even so, I prefer acting to directing, and I prefer writing to anything. Cinema as a medium of expression fascinates me, of course, but ever so often—when directing—I ask myself, whether we really know what we are doing and whether there is any reasonable proportion between the thousands of man-hours spent on the director's job and the final result. And then, I hate the worries connected with the financial and administrative side of film-making. . . ."

But between statements brought forward with utmost sincerity there are flashes of half humorous exaggeration obviously designed to produce a certain effect. They make me think of Andre Bazin's most fitting remark: "Welles



Orson Welles: left, with Rita Hayworth in "Lady from Shanghai"; right, with Dorothy Comingore; the Kanes' breakfast table.



Orson's *Macbeth*.

possède en effet, parmi beaucoup d'autres, le génie du bluff. Il le traite comme l'un des beaux-arts au même titre que la prestidigitation, le cinéma ou le théâtre".

When discussing contemporary Italian films, for instance, he suddenly remarks with a mischievous glint in his eyes: "Good as some of them are, they are largely over-estimated by snobs who avidly swallow the sub-titles and don't understand a word of Italian. I can see it, now that I have mastered the language. . . . You would probably like them only half as much, if you understood the dialogue".

At my slow-witted reply that my more than superficial knowledge of Italian led me to disagree, Welles with superb versatility turned his flash of irony into a firework of sarcasm:

"Oh, you know, this is part of a theory I once elaborated with Hitchcock in a happy moment. We decided then that in order to have a sweeping success in all the highbrow cinemas of the Anglo-Saxon world we should make a picture about nothing, in no language at all and with bad photography—but copiously sub-titled. We agreed that people would scream their heads off with delight".

I asked Welles whether his achievements of the last fifteen years or so had satisfied his ambitions. Of course they had not.

"I have lost years and years of my life", he exclaims, "fighting for the right to do things my own way, and mostly fighting in vain. I have wasted five years writing film-scripts which no producer would accept. Among the pictures I have made I can only accept full responsibility for one: *Citizen Kane*. In all the others I have been more or less muzzled, and the narrative line of my stories was ruined by commercially-minded people.

"I came to Europe because in Hollywood there was not the slightest chance for me (or for anybody, at that) to obtain freedom of action. With *Othello* I have now at least made a picture for which I can again accept full responsibility. It is true that I would have never embarked on that project, had I known that my financial backers would withdraw. This will be in any case the last of my 'adaptations', as I am only interested now in putting my own stories on the screen. But left high and dry in the middle of shooting I have put every ounce of energy into this picture, and also every penny I had earned working on *The Third Man*, *Black Rose*, *Prince of Foxes* and *Black Magic*. Many people will certainly not understand why I accepted some of the parts in question. Well, the requirements of *Othello* are the explanation.

"I frankly don't think that I am particularly good as

Othello but even so I firmly believe that this will be a remarkable picture. I have kept as closely as possible to the original, and the only change I introduced concerns the character of Iago, as played by the Irish actor Michael MacLiammoir, I have taken from him the diabolic quality and made him more human. The motive for his actions is supplied by the implication of impotence".

Orson is, of course, less happy about his previous Shakespeare film, *Macbeth*, which during its extended run in Paris has provoked a variety of comment, most of it not very flattering.

"On the first night there was a fight in the cinema between the supporters and adversaries of the picture", he told me. "Indifference would hurt me much more. After all, the film cannot be worthless if people like Jean Cocteau like it. On the other hand I don't take it as a compliment that the picture is having terrific success in Germany, where people are probably attracted by the medieval savagery of the subject. I now see its many shortcomings, particularly in the re-made version, but I still think that it is better Shakespeare than most stage productions of *Macbeth* I have seen. The worst of all is that nobody seems to judge the picture on its own grounds: as an experiment achieved in 23 days and on an extremely low budget".

Orson Welles looks tired, and he admits he is. It is not so much the actual work on the *Othello* production (that took almost a year) as the worries around it that have led to his feeling of exhaustion.

"Returning to the theatre for a while is to me a relaxation", he says with an ambiguous smile.

But his capacity for work is enormous. He treats his nightly appearances on the stage in two diametrically opposed parts as a welcome change from film-work, but his days are still occupied with the editing and dubbing of *Othello*. And in between he finds the time to prepare his next production.

And new films? Not for a while yet. But he entrusts me with the secret (an open one) that in his free moments (where on earth does he find them?) he is scripting a picture about sexual obsession called *Loveline*.

"Despite the subject, it will not be endangered by any censorship", he proclaims. "It will be so respectable that families will take their children to see it without the slightest hesitation. But if I succeed—the picture will shock every adult with human feelings and social conscience".

THE PROTECTED INDUSTRY

Duncan Crow

Duncan Crow is at present working on a survey of the economics of the British cinema. This is the first of a series of articles which he will write for SIGHT AND SOUND, showing the necessity for, and the extent of, government intervention in the affairs of the British film industry.

1. The Need for Protection

THE NEW FILM AGREEMENT between the British Government and the Motion Picture Association of America came into force on the first of October. It marks one further stage in the concern of the Government with the British film industry's affairs. Last summer the National Film Finance Corporation, an official body lending public money for film production, had its account raised by one-sixth, to £6,000,000. The British Film Production Fund—a trade organisation set up as a result of Government intervention to aid producers—has just begun active operation. Sleeping quietly in the background at the moment (but probably not for long) are the recommendations of the Plant Report on Distribution and Exhibition, which if implemented at all can only be to the advantage of producers. And above all, there is the Quota, which guarantees a percentage of screen time for British first feature and supporting films.

All these measures add up to protection on a fairly large scale; one writer has called it "coddling". Why is the Government so concerned to protect the British film industry? In terms of men, money and materials it is not in the first rank of our industries. The cinema end of the business is, admittedly, statistically important. Every week 28,000,000 tickets are sold (the equivalent, annually, of every person in the country over five years of age visiting the cinema once a week for eight months in the year); more than £100,000,000 is paid into cinema box offices in Britain each year, and of this the Government takes just over one-third in Entertainment Tax. But this is a small amount compared with the revenue from drink and tobacco and, if public taste were to change from cinemagoing, the Government could presumably make up the loss by taxation in some other form.

Financial reasons can hardly be uppermost in the Government's mind. The clue may lie in the weekly attendance figures. The cinema has a powerful influence on its audiences, whatever it is that they seek from it. There is disagreement and uncertainty as to the extent of this influence but, leaving aside such thorny questions as the effect of films on juvenile delinquency, one has only to consider the use of film stars' names in advertising of all sorts to realise that the film's persuasive powers extend beyond the screen. An early official report on the British film industry went so far as to say that

"the propaganda value of the film cannot be over emphasised". Perhaps the reason for Government interest is to be found in the need to ensure, for cultural and persuasive reasons, that the British public sees British films. The use of films for Government public relations would seem to bear out this view.

The film also has power abroad—not simply in the foreign currency it may earn, but in its use as an advertisement for British goods, British fashions, British ideas. Is this the source of Government interest? Then there is the employment issue: with a policy of full employment, there is every reason for intervention in the affairs of an industry with a high measure of unemployment. The present state of national finances gives importance to the dollar question: films cannot be sacrosanct from the general need to save and to earn dollars—particularly when American films occupy the greatest amount of screen time in this country.

All these reasons may play some part in Government calculations, and their individual importance presumably becomes greater or less according to the circumstances of the day. But, apart from such considerations, there seems to be a fundamental need to preserve a British film industry. Speaking in a debate on the unemployment question in 1925, Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister, referred to the industry saying: "I think the time has come when the position of the industry should be examined with a view to seeing whether it be not possible, *as it is desirable on natural grounds* to see that the larger proportion of films exhibited in this country are British".

"Desirable on natural grounds—" it was expressed in another way by Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister (then President of the Board of Trade) when, speaking in 1927 on the Cinematograph Films Bill, he asked: "Should we be content for a moment if we depended upon foreign literature or upon a foreign press in this country?" A film industry is an important form of national expression; in its short history it has woven itself into the pattern of national life. It is not so much the dangers inherent in allowing so powerful a means of expression to be dominated by a foreign country (great as they are) that must concern a government, but the lessening of the national stature that would inevitably result from the failure of a film industry. To a certain extent it is a question of "face", and broad political reasons demand that the British Government concern itself with the preservation of the British film industry.

But this statement gives rise to questions—what size of industry? What quality of product? It is easy to pay lip-service to the value of an industry which will "directly or indirectly give employment to British labour at home, and increase the prestige of the British name, British institutions and British manufactured products at home and abroad", but it is less simple to decide how these desirable ends are to be achieved. At one extreme, the Government could hardly be content if British films were so poor in quality that no one went to see them, or if they were so few and far between that they appeared at a cinema only once a year: the industry would soon then be out of business. But the desirable size of the industry is a less certain matter. Through lack of script-writers or able technicians; inadequate returns to film producers; public dislike of British films; or many other reasons, it might happen that the economic size of the industry was not sufficient for it to carry out any of the tasks which the Government thought desirable. It would then be necessary to decide whether to sacrifice the grand aims—prestige, commercial or propaganda value—or to keep the



credit and let the cash go, in subsidies to the industry.

The issue was not apparent in this form when, in 1925, the government first took an active interest in British production. The state of the industry was such that it was capable of doing nothing at all: it was moribund, because of the dominance of Hollywood. But the question of an optimum size did not arise. It was believed that if the industry was given protection against the Americans, it would find its own level which, no doubt, would be high enough for the rest to follow. After various attempts to encourage the operation of a voluntary scheme within the trade, the Government supplied the first protective measure in the Cinematograph Films Act of 1927.

To understand the background to the Act one must look at the early history of the industry. Until 1914 the competition of films imported into Britain had not been serious or excessive, but the war brought about both decline in British production and expansion in the United States. Moreover, in 1915, the Motion Picture Patents Company, which had restricted expansion, broke up. Opportunities were taken by business men of driving personality such as Adolph Zukor who, by 1918, "was distributing some 220 features a year, more than any one company before or since".

The third decade of the cinema's history saw the spread of

American domination across the motion picture world. With a home market three times larger than that of the British producer, the American could recover his production costs at home. Above this, he had virtually captured the British market: after the war, nearly every American film found its way to Britain. If a graph of British production were drawn, the lowest point would be November, 1924, when "not a single foot of film was being exposed on any British floor". Money was invested in cinemas, for the movie-habit was strong, but there was no money for production, where loss was likely. Booking practices, too, prevented British films from getting even five per cent. of screen time throughout the country. Still more important for the future was the admission by a Government spokesman, Lord Peel, that the public had learned to prefer American films. The nadir had been reached: preservation must involve protection.

Although some far-seeing people may have realised that the period of protection would necessarily be almost indefinite, the Act itself was limited to ten years. By then, it was hoped, the industry would have established itself. If it did not succeed, there was a strong view that it deserved no further support. That expiry date was twelve years ago: since then, there have been two more Cinematograph Films Acts, and a still greater degree of protection and subsidy.

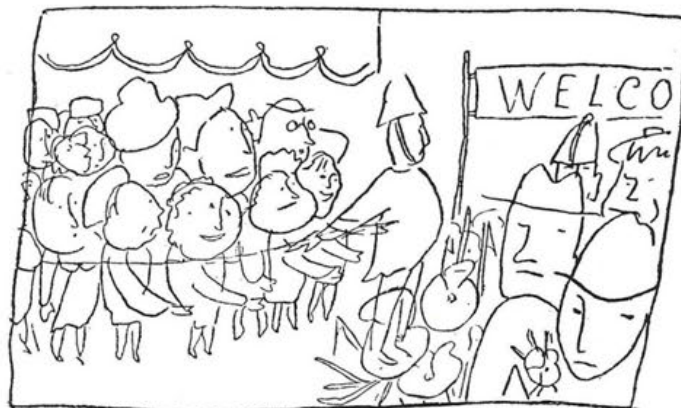
(To be continued.)

POEM AND DRAWING

Stevie Smith

The Film Star

Donnez à manger aux afamées
It is a film star who passes this way
He is looking so nice the women would like
To have him on a tray
Donnez à manger aux afamées



HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US . . .

Henry Raynor



"*Poil de Carotte*": Robert Lynen.

WE HEAR A GREAT DEAL, from time to time, about the child's reaction to the cinema and his proper fare in entertainment. Little has yet been said about the possible artistic value and truth of films concerning children, nor has the appeal of the typical cinematic child been analysed since Graham Greene sourly dismissed Shirley Temple, to his cost, with a comment of extreme bitterness.

There is, for a start, the remarkable difference between what children prefer to read or watch, and the truth *about* childhood: *Poil de Carotte* is a medicine not to be taken by children. Only an adult can truly appreciate the art that arises from the passions and experiences of a child, and very few can re-create in their maturity the world they once inhabited. The artist is generally most successful when he presents children without too close or studied an account of their thoughts, or analysis of their motives, leaving the onlookers free to supply the deficiency from their own tangled or distorted memories. Shakespeare's children are either ancestors of Nathaniel Gubbins' Awful Child or of the angelic beings of Dean Farrar. The wicked children of *Oliver Twist* are all too real, but the good are, mercifully, phantasma: *David Copperfield* lives as a boy, but his adulthood is the clothes-line from which the adventures of others are suspended: the reticent boy Pip is real and breathing through the early pages of *Great Expectations*—but these lively beings are exceptions amongst the world's imaginary children.

It is only too easy to see the child as an angel of light, trailing clouds of glory that are dissipated by the first stirrings of awakening individuality. The truth is far more complex: to see the child honestly, one must penetrate his own world, in which he is capable of devoted loyalties yet genuinely selfish, indefatigably enquiring but passionately insular. Honesty notes that children are cold-blooded over matters of

adult concern, violently involved in the apparently trivial. Their taboos and conventions, meaningless on the surface, turn out on analysis to be urgent and primitive.

The exploitation of a sentimentalised view of childhood is one of the simplest and most unscrupulous of tricks, no more difficult than the sentimental exploitation of blindness or disease. Following the example of Shakespeare, the film in its own infancy exploited the tear-jerking power of the helpless innocent. The writer's own earliest memories of the film are of Buster Keaton in a diving suit, the *Robin Hood* of Douglas Fairbanks, and a silent version of *Oliver Twist* that, memory tells him, conceded nothing in its exploitation of the nauseously innocent. Chaplin accepted the inevitable cliché and, with his ability for making art from the tritest formula, created some typically unforgettable moments of pathetic comedy from Jackie Coogan's work in *The Kid*. The younger affectionate innocence of *Sonny Boy* excited the writer's boyish distrust of the child actor, a distrust largely confirmed by the years. Shirley Temple came to be the target of Graham Greene's furious criticism, her precociousness utterly delightful to the millions. The charming Deanna Durbin, a latter-day Saint Cecilia, showed the power of music: the purpose of the young Judy Garland was not quite identical. Nova Pilbeam arrived, with Matheson Lang, in a film (its title, mercifully, is forgotten) in which she reconciled parents on the brink of divorce. To this day it is impossible completely to avoid films about American children and their dogs. And so on, endlessly. The good child suffers, is betrayed, neglected, spoilt or idolised, its precocious grasp of the problems of maturity unreprieved: on its head the sins of its father are often too palpably visited. Even the Nazis, warming up to the work of propaganda, allowed the slum-dwelling Communist father to teach his clean, bright, intelligent Hitler-youth son "The

Internationale" at the end of a belt in *Hitler—junger Quex*, a film which apparently never crossed the borders of its fatherland.

Apart from *The Kid*, not one of these films permitted children to behave in a normal way without some falsification of thought or feeling: indeed, many of them prevented the children acting naturally at all. Even so ambitious a recent film as *The Rocking-Horse Winner*, by exaggeration of Lawrence's savage intention to sacrifice a child to adult greed, brought the child from the fringe of the drama to its front-centre for the sake of easy tears.

The method in question is foolproof. We are dealing, it must be remembered, with popular art, where honesty is rarely the best policy, for the large heart of the public will not sympathise with its own naughty child, sent supperless to bed, as it will with the naughty child on the screen, whose naughtiness (a mere excess of vitality) should not stir the cruellest wretch to rage. One's objection is not so much to the method as to the fact that, with the exception of the boy in *The Kid*, the children illustrate nothing but a dishonest attitude, deliberately designed to strike with maximum effect below the emotional belt. Not that one objects to the romantic evocation—the kind of thing for which some Russian directors have shown a special talent, notably in *The Childhood of Maxim Gorki* and *Lone White Sail*—when it is genuinely felt; it is the spurious romanticism, the weepie element, which must be resisted.

Such films have one excuse. It is appallingly difficult to observe and to convey one's observations of children without reading the motives of maturity into the child's behaviour. Each member of the audience is moved by tender thoughts of a half-remembered past, meets the artistic conception of childhood halfway. In *The Fallen Idol*, Reed, through a beautifully conceived script, succeeded in conveying the truth about the child who was the cause of all the trouble: the motives that led him from his course of unsuccessful lying in defence of the butler, to his ultimately abandoning him, were not only followed with sympathetic care, but related with rare tact to the adult problems involved. Bobby Henrey was credited with a performance of such intellectual subtlety that it would have taxed the skill of his senior colleague; while in reality, despite his undeniable charm, his part in the film was so neatly woven into the whole that for once the audience could truly appreciate a child's thought and the course of action arising from it. Duvivier's *Poil de Carotte* succeeds on equally dangerous ground—the mind of a child at the "awkward age"—and again makes us free of territory not forbidden but extremely difficult of access.

Any film which depends to any measurable extent on the realities of child character—though not, of course, on juvenile acting—demands this careful framing of the relationship between the child's action and the situation in which it operates, as well as the contrast in point and value between childish and adult motive. Children often act beautifully, with intuitive skill, but the total value of their work depends on an adult honesty so perceptive and so sympathetic that it is rarely found. Possibly the honest view of the naughty child has never been presented with greater success than in *The Window*. This film was admirably laconic in its treatment of the boy who lied to create an atmosphere of romantic grandeur around himself: Reed would, one feels, have been fascinated by the psychological causes of the boy's untruthfulness—but they were no part of the episode and therefore left outside it. We were left to accept the plain fact that he

was, in grandmotherly phrase, given to "romancing".

From the popular success of such films as these, the adoration of the child star and the lack of resistance which most of us are likely to show when faced by the appeal of the sentimentalised child—Miss Lejeune melted into rather too delighted lyricism over *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, but one sees her point—one may repeat the platitudes that explain Shirley Temple and others without giving offence. In maturity, we look back to the illusory lost happiness of childhood. The adult forgets the difficulties of his early years, his elemental fears and recurrent feelings of impotence in an unjust world. This nostalgia makes it easy to imagine the child, be he Oliver Twist or Richmal Crompton's William, with the power to behold, as Nature's Priest, the light and whence it flows. Any real child is too immediate, too irritating and too ardently in pursuit of his own ends to appear with these qualities; but a skilful director can re-create them on the screen, and the audience will accept his vision with tearful gratitude. According to the popular view, Original Sin does not operate until adolescence, the complexities of development and growth, the jungle of instinctive dreads and apprehensions through which a child must pass, do not exist. In such films, the child does not linger on the way to bed terrified by the expectation of nightmare, nor give way to those tantrums which are distinguished from homicidal violence only by youthful weakness.

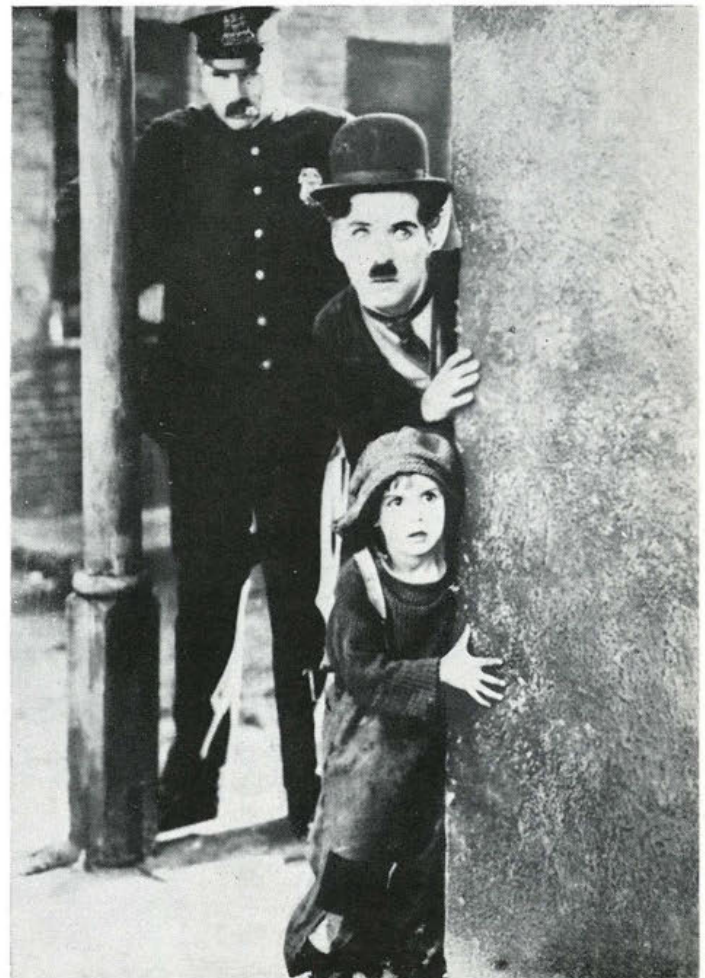
The few films which accurately re-create real childhood do not offend the sentimental. We do not revolt from de Sica's children, from the two boys in *Sciuscia* and the child of *Bicycle Thieves*, from the young liar of *The Window* or the savage isolation of *Poil de Carotte*; they appeal to the memory of what actually occurred, and its true meaning to the child we once were. But such works are made for adults. Children have little sympathy for the truth about their own situation. They see character in comic-strip terms, in black and white; they are honestly outraged by brutality, but the violence of revolver duels or fisticuffs, to them, is not brutal; their heroes are not only courageous but virtuous, and they refuse to accept a villain whose character has one redeeming feature. To enter the world of juvenile fiction is difficult for any adult, and it has been left to the films to re-introduce the adult to the world in which the child becomes what he imagines himself to be.

For some unexplained reason, *The Secret Tunnel*, a film made by the Rank Organisation for its children's shows, reached adult audiences. It could have illustrated this point perfectly, for it dealt with two boys who utterly confound a gang of thieves by their courage and resourcefulness. After watching only ten minutes of its dilatory exposition, a hoarse whisper from a not-over-critical cinema-goer of thirteen accurately forecast its dénouement. *Hue and Cry*, which was not primarily aimed at the juvenile audience, succeeded in satisfying the demands of both child and adult. True, several children pointed out the improbability of their literature being desecrated by the announcements of black marketeers; for a child this was a far more serious objection than for an adult, but for the rest the film was imaginatively true to its original idea. Its children were all that the children who watched it would have wished to be, the implacable, intrepid agents of justice, reaching their goal only through danger and some minor suffering. It is essential to the child's conception of heroism that an easy success subtracts hugely from achievement, and that the hero must barely, and no more than barely, overcome danger.



Angels of Light

Top left: "a mere excess of vitality"? Shirley Temple instructs her elders (John Boles and Rochelle Hudson) in *Curly Top*. Middle left: "contrast in point and value between childish and adult motive". Bobby Henrey and the grown-ups in *The Fallen Idol*. Bottom left: the world of juvenile fiction. Cockney children entrap the blonde villainess (Valerie White) in *Hue and Cry*. Below: helpless innocent. Chaplin and Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*.





"Zéro de Conduite": the headmaster removes his top-hat from safe keeping

Hue and Cry met the boy's desire for adventure on its own terms: Daquin's *Nous Les Gosses* was not quite so successful. This was the film of an adult interloper, amused by the quaintness of the action and the appalling earnestness of the participants, viewed with a good deal of charm from the outsider's angle that children are always funny by natural law.

For a few minutes, in *The Fallen Idol*, Reed succeeded in allowing the audience to join in the game of hide-and-seek throughout the empty embassy in the boy's person. The darkness, the flash of lights switched on and off, the swirling dust-sheets and the huge advancing shadows—what we saw was the game as it appeared to the child. In this connection the temptation to write at length of the misunderstood *Zéro de Conduite* must be avoided; there is more to this film even

than the joyous evocation of a child's world, for in essence it is the epic of the human struggle for liberty, identical in the fall of the Bastille and in the pelting of soulless adult pomposity by intrepid roof-climbers. Vigo's masterpiece exaggerated wildly and comically, but its exaggeration was of the child's viewpoint: the direction chosen by the junior master in charge of the Sunday afternoon crocodile must obviously depend on the route of the young blonde a little way ahead. The swing of his walking-stick was inimitably funny, and the sublime percipience of his young charges saw through every manoeuvre by which he sought to approach the girl. The Headmaster, a memorable grotesque, unbelievably small and incredibly bearded, whose top hat—a Tarnhelm preserved under a glass case—was the symbol of his authority, grew horrifyingly and obscenely huge as he explained to the little effeminate the moral dangers he ran by associating with naughty boys rather older than himself. And what boy has not reached a crisis in his life at which it was the height of ambition to wither and confound an unsympathetic teacher with his personal equivalent of "Merde"?

Few adults are sufficiently at home in this territory to work there, and their work is not appreciated by the inhabitants whose imagination isolates the real world from the richer, more dependable universe of dreams. The Italian de Sica—who, with Vigo, has probably a deeper intuitive sympathy with the child's world than any other film-maker—described in *Sciuscia* the disillusion of youth, the loss of innocence: in *Bicycle Thieves*, the child at the end experiences one of these rare moments of unspoken understanding with the adult world; not, though, in the face of happiness, but of misfortune. The adult, who knows his day-dreams for what they are, finds refreshment in a visit to these realms he once willingly abdicated; but nothing, he realises, could be more intolerable than a prolonged residence there.



The Seventh Art



There is probably less sexual activity among actors and actresses as a group than many others. (*Modern Screen*.)



Role of an explosive manager of a baseball team will be played by Spencer Tracy in *Angels in the Outfield*, a story written by Father R. F. O'Grady. It has a miracle as the climax. This is the kind of role Tracy gets a kick out of playing. (Ivy Wilson, in *The Star*.)



Adele Jergens, eye-catching blonde currently starring in Monogram's Bowery Boys' comedies, is busy redecorating the Hollywood flat which has been her home for the past seven years. It is being fitted out in a complete Chinese motif. Explaining her choice of design, Miss Jergens says: "Just to give myself a complete change. It was previously decorated in a staid, formal manner. The change has affected my personality too—giving it an exotic touch, whereas the other furnishings kept me in a rather depressed mood". (*Publicity Handout*.)



"Hollywood has called me in turn the Clothes Horse, the Old Grey Mare—and Death of a Saleswoman. Since my comeback, I'm glad to say they've thought up a new title—Gloss. (Gloria Swanson, reported in *The Evening Standard*.)



For *aficionados* it might be summed up as the best film, not by Ealing Studios out of Carol Reed, which Alfred Hitchcock never made. (Fred Majdalany in *The Daily Mail*, on *Seven Days to Noon*.)

Symbolism can be a good form of expression, if it really comes off. (David Lean, reported in *Cine-Technician*.)



Brown aims to heighten the dramatic force of this fascinating story by giving *Dick Turpin's Ride* an additional and unusual star: the weather, and has endeavoured to capture the sombre tones and moods of dawn, as well as the chiaroscuro of dusk . . . it is the producer's intent to show Britain's climate as it *really* is—for the first time in any native or Hollywood picture. (*Publicity Handout*.)



"I'm positive that the life-story of a stamp collector—as dull as that sounds—could be made into rich and thrilling screen fare if it were told in terms of its actionful incidents". (Burt Lancaster.)



Censored by Hollywood—a film based on the life and exploits of Hiawatha, the legendary Red Indian chief. Reason: Hiawatha was so much a peacemaker that such a film might aid the Communists' "peace" propaganda campaign. (Report in *Daily Express*.)



In answer to the query, how do you make yourself cry for a scene, Joan Fontaine, star of Paramount's *September Affair*, recently replied "I usually slap my face hard. A director once told me to do that and it worked. But if that method fails, I recite 'The Lord's Prayer'. That's infallible. I don't know why—unless it's the humility of the prayer". (*Publicity Handout*.)

THE WORLD INSIDE

It is twenty years since the movies lost that mystifying, larger than life quality which once captured and held susceptible audiences. Fairbanks and Pickford, Valentino, Garbo, Swanson, the stars who created the legends, have left no successors, and only a Sunset Boulevard can achieve a momentary re-creation of an illusory world which is, perhaps, better dead. But in one respect the cinema remains larger than life: if the products have shrunk, the industry itself still appears grandiose, extravagant, remote and improbable. In part, this picture is due to writers who, having worked for some time in films, emerge to write novels which suggest nothing so much as a nerve-shattered escape from behind the Iron Curtain. The film industry is a target which invites, and receives, violent and funny attacks.

These novels take two forms, roughly classifiable as the typical English and the typical American. In the English, the whole excursion into Wardour Street and the studios takes on a fairy tale quality, with producers and business men cast as slightly comic villains. In the American, the atmosphere is rather that of nightmare; the villains are the same, but their machinations spread more widely, are more sinister. In any case, neither type of novel suggests a world in which any picture could actually come to successful completion. The rare exception is Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*, a book which suggests a world understood from the inside, and which gives some dignity to an industry more often treated as a circus.

The extracts which make up this article show the film industry through a number of eyes—through reactions of amusement or horror. Most are self-explanatory. The last but one is taken from Elmer Rice's *A Voyage to Purilia*, a sort of Gulliver's Travels journey to the twentieth century Utopia, in which a traveller from the real world arrives in a country where life is lived by the rules of the screen—or rather, since the book was written twenty years ago, by the rules of silent pictures.

... People in the East pretend to be interested in how pictures are made, but if you actually tell them anything you find they are only interested in Colbert's clothes or Gable's private life. They never see the ventriloquist for the doll. Even the intellectuals, who ought to know better, like to hear about the pretensions, extravagances and vulgarities—tell them that pictures have a private grammar, like politics or automobile production or society, and watch the blank look come into their faces. (Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*.)

... The Purilians are a simple, almost childlike people, who have reduced all life to a series of convenient symbols and easily comprehended gestures. (Elmer Rice's *A Voyage to Purilia*.)

RAYMOND CHANDLER

THE WAY IN

The studio cop at the semi-circular glassed-in desk put down his telephone and scribbled on a pad. He tore off the sheet and pushed it through the narrow slit not more than three-quarters of an inch wide where the glass did not quite meet the top of his desk. His voice coming through the speaking device set into the glass panel had a metallic ring.

"Straight through to the end of the corridor", he said, "you'll find a drinking fountain in the middle of the patio. George Wilson will pick you up there".

I said: "Thanks. Is this bullet-proof glass?"



Approach to a studio.

"Sure. Why?"

"I just wondered", I said, "I never heard of anybody shooting his way into the picture business".

Behind me somebody snickered. I turned to look at a girl in slacks with a red carnation behind her ear. She was grinning. "Oh, brother, if a gun was all it took".

I went over to an olive-green door that didn't have any handle. It made a buzzing sound and let me push it open. Beyond was an olive-green corridor with bare walls and a door at the far end. A rat trap. If you got into that and something was wrong they could still stop you. The far door made the same buzz and click. I wondered how the cop knew I was at it. So I looked up and found his eyes staring at me in a tilted mirror. As I touched the door the mirror went blank. They thought of everything.

(From *The Little Sister*: published by Hamish Hamilton.)

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

NEO-RENAISSANCE

"... You see, the film studio of today is really the palace of the sixteenth century. There one sees what Shakespeare saw: the absolute power of the tyrant, the courtiers, the flatterers, the jesters, the cunningly ambitious intriguers. There are fantastically beautiful women, there are incompetent favourites. There are great men who are suddenly disgraced. There is the most insane extravagance, and unexpected parsimony over a few pence. There is enormous splendour which is a sham; and also horrible squalor hidden behind the scenery. There are vast schemes, abandoned because of some caprice. There are secrets which everybody knows and no one speaks of. There are even two or three honest advisers. These are the court fools, who speak the deepest wisdom in puns, lest they should be taken seriously. They grimace, and tear their hair privately, and weep".

(From *Prater Violet*, published by Methuens.)

JEFFREY DELL

THE FILM BUSINESS

"Whose business is it to order wolves?" asked Phillip.



Getting down to it: an M.G.M. production conference.

"Everything is everybody's business until it goes wrong", replied Miss Carr, "then it's nobody's. It's what is called alibi-ing, and it's the principal occupation down here".

"There seem to be an awful lot of things that can go wrong", remarked Phillip.

"You're right", she agreed heartily. "take a look at that. That's yesterday, but it might as well be any other day". She pulled a bundle of progress reports from the machine and handed one to Phillip, placing a finger on a paragraph headed *Reasons for Delay*. It read: "General call for 8.30 a.m.: Mr. Ronald Stanton did not arrive until 10.45 a.m., as he had to go to dentist. Scene 187 lined up on 'B' stage by 11.30 a.m., but could not be shot as Mr. Cartwright's tunic did not fit. Unit moved to 'A' stage for scene 243, but painting of set not completed. Luncheon interval called for 12-1 p.m. After lunch Miss Ainsworth found she had left eyebrow in car which had returned to town, causing hold-up 1 hour and 25 minutes. Scene 243 lit and ready for shooting by 3.5 p.m. On take 3 camera jammed, causing delay 37 minutes. (Note: Take 2 N.G. owing to left half of Mr. Stanton's moustache falling into soup.) Mr. Cartwright's tunic ready by 4 p.m. and unit moved back to 'B' stage for scene 187. Fuse blew during first take, two electricians slightly burnt. In take 4, defect in sound apparatus caused delay 50 mins. Shooting stopped at 6.35 p.m. as Mr. Stanton and Miss Ainsworth had to leave for theatre.

Total delay—8 hours 57 minutes.

Total shooting time—8½ minutes.

Total estimated screen time—nil.

(note for accounts department—one burnt electrician uninsured.) "You can see all sorts of things keep cropping up", said Miss Carr.

(From *Nobody Ordered Wolves*, published by Heinemann.)

EDWIN GILBERT

PRODUCER AND WRITER (I)

(Two screen writers, Tony Willard, and the double-crossing Sy Clifton, have just received a note from the producer,

Waxler, saying that certain scenes in their script "have the smell of red propaganda".)

Tony read the note again. Tone what down? Red propaganda? Where? He opened the screen play to the section in question:

130. LONG SHOT EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE PARK AVE NIGHT.

As CAMERA moves slowly in to:

131. CLOSE SHOT EXT. WINDOW ON 11TH FLOOR.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

133. MED. SHOT AT FIREPLACE BENTON AND LORNA.

As Lorna turns to go:

BENTON: You'll stay here! There's no use trying to leave!

LORNA (turning back to him): How can you be so detestable.

134. TIGHT TWO SHOT.

As Benton grabs her wrist:

BENTON (quietly): It's necessary.

LORNA (freeing herself): It's never occurred to you to think about him as a human being! You hate him because you prefer to hate! It's habit with you to hate!

135. ANOTHER ANGLE.

As Benton suddenly strikes her

DISSOLVE TO

Tony went over the scene several times before he called Philip Waxler. The secretary said that Mr. Waxler was on another line and would Tony hold on. Tony waited.

Then he heard Waxler say, "Yes, Tony, what is it?"

"I just got your note and I don't understand it", Tony said.

"Don't understand what?"

"About the red propaganda. I've read the stuff over carefully, and I can't for the life of me see the shadow of the Kremlin", Tony said.

"Now don't be upset about this, Tony. It isn't me. Roy Milikan (*head of the studio*) has a new policy about characters and scenes like that. It isn't me. I'm just a whipping boy, remember".

"Well, what's so objectionable?" Tony asked.

"Milikan says we've got to stop making heavies out of the rich. Now Benton is a rich industrialist and you can't have him behaving so sadistically to his own daughter. You can't have him hit her in the face. Milikan says that will make the audiences start hating the whole upper class of America."

"But, Mr. Waxler, that's so absurd. Just because Benton happens to be—"

"I told you, Tony, those are orders. I'm just a whipping boy around here".

"But the whole story depends on Benton's character. He is cruel and sadistic, that's the motivation for everything that Lorna does later", Tony said.

"Well", Waxler said, "Why don't you have Sy help you work it out? Why not do that, and then let's have a conference?"

When Tony consulted Clifton, Sy said: "Don't worry about it, kid. We'll tone it down a little".

"How? How?"

"We'll make Benton sort of a lovable rascal. Gruff, nasty temper, but underneath the audience knows he's really a nice sentimental old guy", Clifton said.

"Sy, look, that dilutes the whole thing. If you sugar it up, if you give Benton syrup instead of blood, the whole force, the guts, are gone. It'll come out phony. So phony!"

"Do you want grey hair or a good screen credit"? Clifton said.

"Naturally, I want a credit. But I don't want something that—"

"A credit is a credit is a credit", Clifton laughed. "Let me take a crack at it. I think I can please everybody".

(From *The Squirrel Cage*, published by Heinemann.)

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

PRODUCER AND WRITER (2)

(A conversation between the production chief, Stahr, and Boxley, an English writer who finds it impossible to work in Hollywood.)

"If you were in a drug-store", said Stahr, "having a prescription filled—"

"You mean a chemist's"? Boxley asked.

"If you were in a chemist's", conceded Stahr, "and you were getting a prescription for some member of your family who was very sick—"

"Very ill"? queried Boxley.

"Very ill. Then whatever caught your attention through the window, whatever distracted you and held you would probably be material for pictures".

"A murder outside the window, you mean".

"There you go", said Stahr, smiling. "It might be a spider working on the pane".

"Of course—I see".

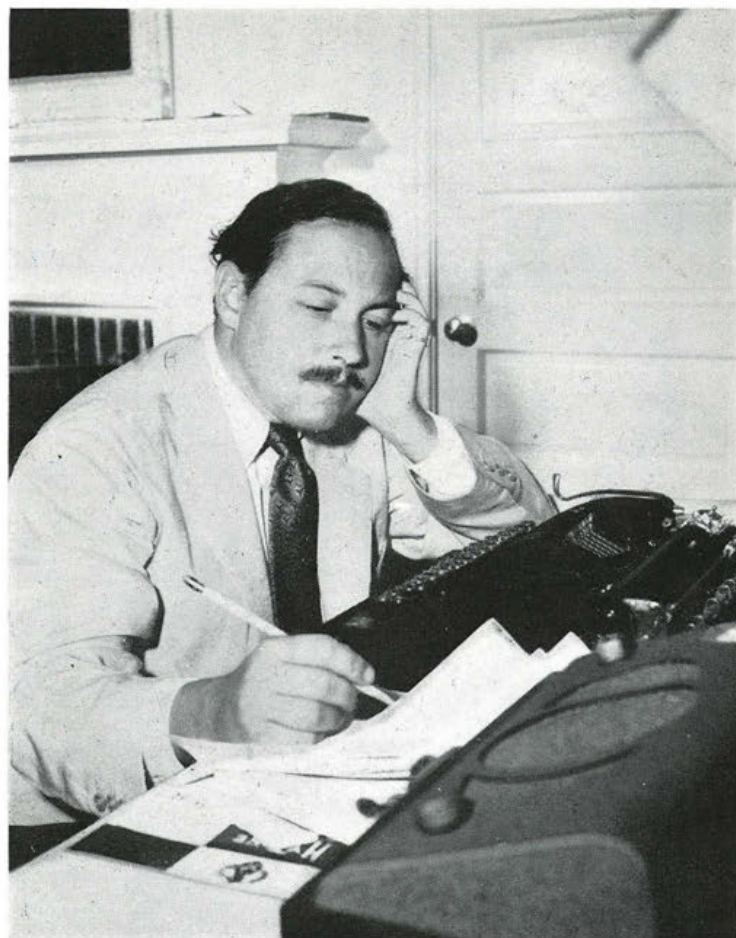
"I'm afraid you don't, Mr. Boxley. You see it for *your* medium, but not for ours. You keep the spiders for yourself, and you try to pin the murders on us".

"I might as well leave", said Boxley. "I'm no good to you. I've been here three weeks and I've accomplished nothing. I make suggestions, but no one writes them down".

"I want you to stay. Something in you doesn't like pictures, doesn't like telling a story this way—"

"It's such a damn bother", exploded Boxley. "You can't let yourself go—"

He checked himself. He knew that Stahr, the helmsman, was finding time for him in the middle of a constant stiff blow—that they were talking in the always creaking rigging of a ship sailing in great awkward tacks across an open sea. Or else—it seemed at times—they were in a huge quarry—where even the newly-cut marble bore the trace of old pediments, half-obliterated inscriptions of the past.



Writer in Hollywood: Tennessee Williams.

"I keep wishing you could start over", Boxley said. "It's this mass production".

"That's the condition", said Stahr. "There's always some lousy condition. We're making a life of Rubens—suppose I asked you to do portraits of rich dopes like Bill Brady and me and Gary Cooper and Marcus when you wanted to paint Jesus Christ? Wouldn't you feel you had a condition? Our condition is that we have to take people's own favourite folklore and dress it up and give it back to them. Anything beyond that is sugar. So won't you give us some sugar, Mr. Boxley?"

Boxley knew he would sit with Wylie White to-night at the Troc raging at Stahr, but he had been reading Lord Charnwood, and he recognized that Stahr like Lincoln was a leader carrying on a long war on many fronts; almost single-handed he had moved pictures sharply forward through a decade, to a point where the content of the 'A' productions was wider and richer than that of the stage. Stahr was an artist only, as Lincoln was a general, perforce, and as a layman.

"Come down to La Borwitz' office with me", said Stahr. "They sure need some sugar there".

(From *The Last Tycoon*, published by Grey Walls Press.)

BUDD SCHULBERG

BIRTH OF AN EPIC

"... I don't know whether you've noticed our screen credits or not, but they always say—Story by Sammy Glick—Screen Play by Sammy Glick and Julian Blumberg. You know where he got all those story credits? Right here in the commissary".

The story of how he did it was so intriguing that we both

forgot to order. Sammy would walk up to a director and say: "Spencer Tracy and Marlene Dietrich in *Titanic*. Do I have to say any more". Then he would walk away from the guy, significantly, and leave it in his lap. The director has been desperate for a socko story all year. Tracy and Dietrich in *Titanic*. Jeeze, it sounds like something. Natural suspense. And two great characters. Maybe Spence is a good two-fisted minister who tries to straighten Marlene out. Marlene is a tramp, of course. He's real. She's anything for a laugh. Then, even though the boat is going down, you bring the audience up with a hell of a lift because Marlene suddenly sees the light.

Meanwhile, Sammy bumps into a supervisor. "I was just telling Chick Tyler my new story", he says. "He went off his nut about it. Spencer Tracy and Marlene Dietrich in *Titanic*. Do I have to say any more?"

And he drops his hot potato in the supervisor's lap and runs again. The supervisor knows Sammy hasn't missed yet. And he's been trying to get a cast like that ever since he's been made a supervisor. So he drops by Tyler's table.

"Sammy Glick tells me you're hot on his *Titanic* story", he says.

"Yeah", Tyler says. "I think the kid's got something, and it's right down my alley".

By this time Tyler is practically thinking up the acceptance speech he'll make on receiving the Academy Award. "I could get a great picture out of that", he says. "Remember what I did with *Strange Voyage*? That's for me".

All this time Sammy is hopping from table to table, pollinating his story like a bumblebee, catching them as they go in and out, asking everybody who can possibly help him if he has to say anything more and running off before they can answer. Everybody is now asking everybody else if they have heard Sammy's *Titanic* story. And by this time, through unconscious generosity, they have contributed to the story two characters, a beginning, middle, and a climax. Now Sammy manages to cross the path of the General Manager in Charge of Production. Sammy has heard that he's been a little burned lately because people are saying he is losing touch with studio activities.

"How do you do, sir", Sammy says. "I suppose Tyler and Hoyt have told you my story for Dietrich and Tracy. *Titanic*? Everybody who's heard it seems very excited about it".

He has heard of Glick, of course, and he never likes to appear ignorant of anything. "Yes, I have, Glick", he says. "Sounds very interesting. I'm going to call you all in for a conference on it sometime this week".

When they all get together, all anyone knows is that everybody else thinks it's great. And since everybody has gone on record, no one is willing to admit just how little about the story he knows. So the safest thing is to let Sammy get something on paper, which means that Jul an has to start dreaming up a story called *Titanic* while the trade papers and Parsons naturally pass on to their readers what Sammy has told them, that everyone on his lot is saying his epic drama *Titanic* is absolutely the greatest vehicle either of these two great stars ever had.

(From *What Makes Sammy Run?* published by Jarrolds.)

RENE CLAIR

PUBLICITY: GOD GETS A WRITE-UP

New York, July 15th—The world premiere of Cecil Adams' latest film, entitled *God*, will be given next week.



A film is born: Michael Curtiz directs Joan Crawford in "*Flamingo Road*".

The Aronson Corporation, producers of the film, have decided to present it simultaneously to all the peoples of the earth. By means of a new invention, patented by the Aronson Corporation, Cecil Adams' masterpiece will be projected onto the sky itself during the night of the 21st-22nd July. Five thousand projectors will throw the picture all round the planet. According to the most recent calculations it is estimated that the film, *God*, will be seen by the great majority of mankind.

New York, July 15th—In an interview granted to representatives of the European press this afternoon, Mr. Aronson issued the following statement:—"We have been asked what induced us to offer to the whole population of the globe an entirely free showing of a picture produced at a cost that is as yet incalculable, but which will certainly be found to exceed the total cost of the World War of 1914-1918. The disinterestedness of our motives has even been called in question. Our answer is that we feel it our duty to give a spiritual lead to the industrial forces which govern civilisation to-day. . . .

Rome, July 15th—We learn from informed sources at the Vatican that His Holiness the Pope will not witness the world presentation of the new American film, *God*. His Holiness prefers not to hallow this event by his official presence, as the exact nature of the spectacle has yet to be made clear. Not until he has received favourable reports of the film will he grant his approval to its exhibition.

New York, July 16th—. . . It has been successively reported that Mr. Aronson has fled the country, was arrested last night, and has been certified insane. We learn from confidential circles that the Vatican may be more interested in Mr. Aronson's venture than was at first given out. The Salvation Army is also mentioned in connection with the film, and it is said that an international subscription list may be opened in religious centres throughout the world to defray the colossal production costs incurred.

Every state in the Union is agog for news, and a popular song-hit suggests that "even the sick and the happy in love will jump out of bed to see *God* above".

(From *Adams*, published in England as *Star Turn*, by Chatto and Windus.)



Another film is born: Henry King directs Gregory Peck in "The Gunfighter".

ELMER RICE

LITTLE MEN

Our egress from the hotel was delayed by a little man, with enormous shoes and baggy trousers several sizes too large for him, who had become entrapped in the revolving door, the nature of which he did not seem to understand. Around and around he went, like a squirrel in a cage, the door revolving with ever increasing rapidity. The poor fellow seemed quite unable to extricate himself until, at length, the whirling door catapulted him into the street. An involuntary somersault ended in his becoming tightly wedged in a perambulator, which happened to be passing just at that moment. The occupant of the perambulator, a lusty and well-developed child, fixed its teeth firmly in the little man's leg, and, to make matters worse, the mother of the child, a rather stout woman, belaboured the unhappy intruder with her umbrella.

I learned, subsequently, that this little man was a member of a numerous and rather important Purilian sub-caste. These little fellows—for they are all undersized and all recognisable by the sartorial oddities to which I have referred—are frequently encountered in all parts of Purilia. Despite their essential ingenuousness, it must be confessed that they make rather a nuisance of themselves, because of the fact that they are utterly incapable of adapting themselves to the mechanical contrivances of an industrial civilisation. Whether this is due merely to a lack of co-ordination, or whether they are archaic survivals of a race of prehistoric Purilians, I am unable to say. But in either case they are a curious anomaly in a world which demands an ability to adjust oneself to complex mechanisms.

The incident of the revolving door is typical of the difficulties in which these little men continually find themselves. Elevators, escalators, electric-fans, high-pressure fire-hose, and derricks are but a few of the devices which involve them in the most distressing misadventures. It is a miracle that any of them manages to survive. But, somehow or other, they always seem able to escape the consequences of their ineptitude, as well as to get the better of the police, whose relentless hostility they invariably incur. Their lives, however, as will be readily understood, are far from pleasant and when one

considers, too, that their unprepossessing appearance makes them unworthy objects of spiritual love, it is not surprising that sad hearts lurk beneath their grotesque exteriors and that one cannot regard them without feeling a sense of the most profound pathos. Their hard lot, naturally enough, makes them rather anti-social, and they often express their animosity by bombarding the objects of their displeasure with succulent pasty and other curious missiles, which they always seem to have at hand. On the whole, they could scarcely be regarded as assets to any civilisation.

(From *A Voyage to Purilia*, published by Gollancz.)

WILLIAM SAROYAN

DEAR GRETA GARBO

Dear Miss Garbo,

I hope you noticed me in the newsreel of the recent Detroit Riot in which my head was broken. I never worked for Ford but a friend of mine told me about the strike and as I had nothing to do that day I went over with him to the scene of the riot and we were standing around in small groups chewing the rag about this and that and there was a lot of radical talk, but I didn't pay any attention to it.

I didn't think anything was going to happen but when I saw the newsreel automobiles drive up, I figured, well, here's a chance for me to get into the movies like I always wanted to, so I stuck around waiting for my chance. I always knew I had the sort of face that would film well and look good on the screen and I was greatly pleased with my performance, although the little accident kept me in the hospital a week.

Just as soon as I got out, though, I went around to a little theatre in my neighbourhood where I found out they were showing the newsreel in which I played a part, and I went into the theatre to see myself on the screen. It sure looked great, and if you noticed the newsreel carefully you couldn't have missed me because I am the young man in the blue serge suit whose hat fell off when the running began. Remember? I turned around on purpose three or four times to have my face filmed and I guess you saw me smile. I wanted to see how my smile looked in the moving pictures and even if I do say so I think it looked pretty good.

My name is Felix Otria and I come from Italian people. I am a high-school graduate and speak the language like a native as well as Italian. I look a little like Rudolph Valentino and Ronald Colman, and I sure would like to hear that Cecil B. De Mille or one of those other big shots noticed me and saw what good material I am for the movies.

The part of the riot that I missed because they knocked me out I saw in the newsreel and I mean to say it must have got to be a regular affair, what with the water hoses and the tear-gas bombs and the rest of it. But I saw the newsreel eleven times in three days, and I can safely say no other man, civilian or police, stood out from the crowd the way I did, and I wonder if you will take this matter up with the company you work for and see if they won't send for me and give me a trial. I know I'll make good and I'll thank you to my dying day, Miss Garbo. I have a strong voice and I can play the part of a lover very nicely, so I hope you will do me a little favour. Who knows, maybe some day in the near future I will be playing the hero in a picture with you.

Yours very truly,

FELIX OTRIA.

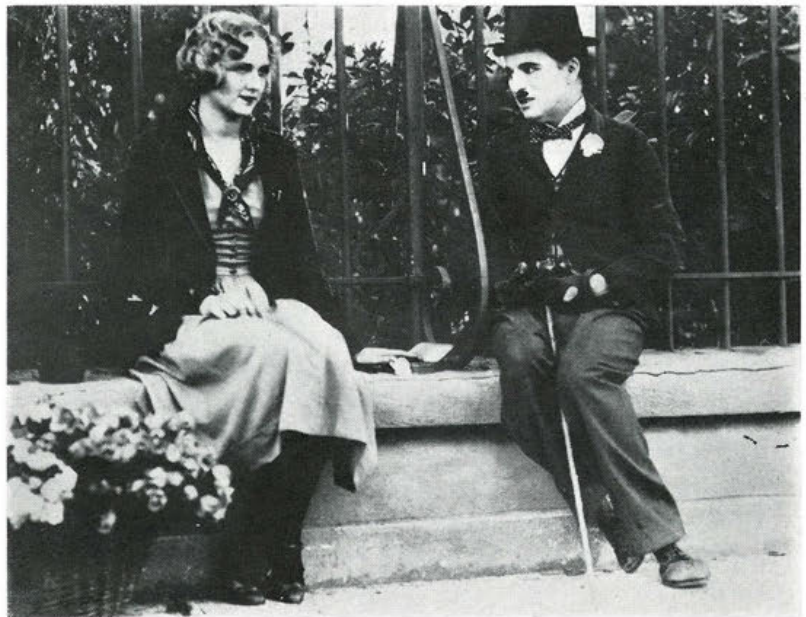
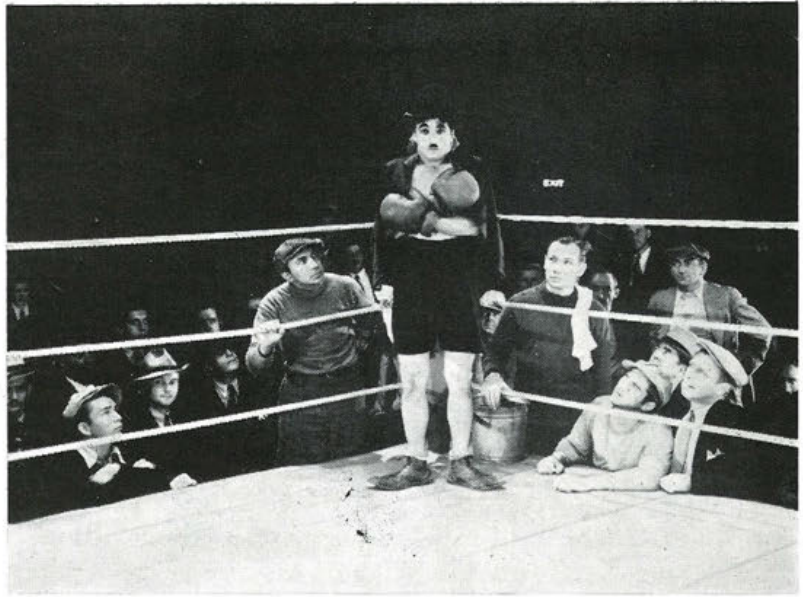
(From *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, published by Faber and Faber.)

City Lights

Two notable revivals are Chaplin's *City Lights* (1931) and Lewis Milestone's *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930), adapted by Maxwell Anderson, Del Andrews, George Abbott and Milestone from the novel by Erich Maria Remarque. Exceptional not only because they stand so easily the test of time, these films remind us of a powerful humanity that the cinema does not often rise to to-day.

City Lights is a simple tale of a tramp befriended by an eccentric millionaire, who recognises him only when drunk, and a blind flower girl befriended in turn by the tramp. She takes him for a handsome millionaire, and the closing scene, in which they meet again after her blindness has been cured, and she discovers the shabby figure's identity, has an unforgettable tension and pathos. Memorably funny as are several scenes, notably the boxing match—and the wonderful moment when the girl shatters Charlie's romantic meditation by emptying a pail of water over him—the over-all mood of *City Lights* is a melancholy one; twenty years ago the shadow of sadness had already deepened over the clown, and not long afterwards was to eclipse him entirely. Re-viewed to-day, *City Lights* is established as a masterpiece, perhaps Chaplin's masterpiece.

If *All Quiet on the Western Front* is dated now in some theatricalities of dialogue and incident, its emotional force is still remarkable. This study of a group of young German volunteers in the 1914-18 war, whose romantic ideals turn to bitterness in the squalid realities of warfare, which they all fail to survive, retains a gripping topicality. Its stress on the effect of war on individuals, the increasing pressure of disillusionment, the mortal monotony of trench fighting, is moving and courageous. As a piece of film craft *All Quiet* is equally important, for it is perhaps the most striking of all those American films of the early 'thirties that reacted with bold cutting and a fluent, liberated camera against the first paralysis of the medium by sound.



Two scenes from "*City Lights*": above, the boxing match, and below, Chaplin with the flower girl (Virginia Cherrill).

Lew Ayres in a behind-the-lines scene from "*All Quiet on the Western Front*".



All Quiet on the Western Front

Films of the Month



Two scenes from "The Men". Left, Marlon Brando as Ken Wilozek: right, in the ward—Arthur Jurado, Richard Erdman, Jack Webb.

THE MEN and THE UNDEFEATED

Richard Winnington

FIRST CASUALTIES of the cold war are those small outposts of reason which, up to 1949, managed to hold a front in newspapers, radio and films. Films now must not only fight their way through the industry and through the intransigence of distributors: they must also face vague but powerful political pressures. These pressures will of course increase. As a small sign, two not overtly political films—both in differing degrees impressive—have had difficulties in surmounting a distributor resistance which went beyond the normal timidity of the species.

The subject of both films—one an American feature, the other a British Government sponsored short—is the plight of severely maimed ex-soldiers. A valid enough theme of our times and useful, one would think, even in an atmosphere echoing with war drums, for the films are honest and sanguine. But it seems to have been felt that a film which shows a man so incapacitated by war that his readjustment demands the highest exercise of self-discipline and faith, might be damaging to the recruiting drive. The fact that in each case the man *does* regain self-belief and a sense of social responsibility is not so important as the fact that his ordeal mirrors the eternal nightmare of the serving soldier.

For the hero of Fred Zinnemann's *The Men* is a paraplegic whose injury has made him, almost certainly, impotent. One approaches a film of this sort almost with eyes averted, aware that to make it endurable a purpose well above the reach of a sensation-mongering Litvak or a sentimentalising Wyler, is called for. Stanley Kramer, Zinnemann and the scriptwriter Carl Foreman have realised this purpose. *The Men* is the most distinguished film to which any of them has put his name.

Apart from all other considerations, a film which tackles the normally "unmentionable" and sells out, is a bore. We all used the word "courageous" to cover the apathy occasioned by the beggings and dodgings of the Negro cycle (*Intruder in the Dust* excepted). *The Men* does not sell out and is marked by the sort of courage we had ceased to expect from English-speaking movies. Not surprisingly, the force of its integrity has informed almost every aspect of the production (I make an exception of Dimitri Tiomkin's background music).

The Men plunges without preliminaries into the heart of its subject and disdains the use of a single flashback. Advancing soldiers are cross-cut into the credit titles while a drum beats on the sound-track. An officer signals them on, a gun rattles: the wounded officer, groaning on the earth, dissolves into the same man lying on a hospital bed in America, hopeless, bitter, crushed—a paraplegic. Zinnemann then cuts to another room in the hospital (which specialises exclusively in the treatment of paraplegics) where the wives and girls of the patients (among them the officer's girl, Teresa Wright) are being informed by the principal doctor (Everett Sloane) that their men, paralysed from the waist down, are as helpless as babies and will have to be trained anew in the primary physical functions. They will also, he informs them, with the rarest of exceptions, be impotent.

The officer, Ken Wilozek (Marlon Brando), insulated in despair, is at first unapproachable even to his fellow patients, whose armour against the vacuum of the future is a front of ironic self-mockery. Gradually Ken submits to training, is admitted to the bitter camaraderie of the ward, consents at last to see Ellen. By sheer persistence she imparts to him some

of her own unfounded optimism and at last persuades him to agree to an engagement. But by that time she has herself become obsessed by doubts of her fitness for so awesome a responsibility. The doctor will not reassure her, her family oppose the marriage, she is as much in need of help and understanding as the crippled Ken.

On the wedding night the fears of Ken and Ellen build up into an emotional climax, the causes of which neither can understand. This scene in which two persons who love each other deeply pour out the fruit of all their torment in irrational words of hate is a hallmark of the truth of the film. It is one of the few love passages of the cinema to encompass the pitiful ache of human love.

Ken, returning in a fury of misery to the security of the hospital, is moving unconsciously to his own moment of realisation. Following a drunken spree he is expelled by the self-governing committee of the hospital, as a means of bringing home to him his responsibility to his wife. He returns to her and they face life together, the implication being that their biggest battle now lies before them, that they are reasonably equipped to fight it, and that if they win they will have touched the summit of love because they will have transcended self in a way that is permitted to few.

Such is the bald story of a remarkable film which explores the relationships of a number of human beings living in circumstances of unusual tension and stress, while affording a dramatically realistic view of the mechanics of their existence. Most of the men are played by actual paraplegics and the film is dedicated to them. The key parts are played by professionals who, with Marlon Brando, gave a good deal of study to the behaviour of paraplegics in the leading U.S. hospital for that affliction. Zinnemann's authority with the non-professional players is expectedly flawless and it is only with his main characters that a literary note is occasionally detected, sometimes in crosstalk between the men, and in an odd scene or so. Zinnemann's refusal to make concessions is exemplified in the scene between Ellen and her well-meaning, un-understanding commonsense parents, as in the wedding night quarrel: situations that would have fatally trapped most Hollywood directors.

This is not to depreciate the powers of the hospital sequences where the slow process of readjustment is harassed by treacherous hopes, sudden inexplicable physical collapses and occasional tragic ventures into the world of women, moments when the bravado to which the men cling deserts them.

The film depends a good deal, of course, on Marlon

Gerald Pearson in "The Undeclared".



"The Men". Ken is persuaded to go to a restaurant. Teresa Wright, Marlon Brando.

Brando, whose combination of style, depth and range comes like a blood transfusion into cinema acting. But there is also Everett Sloane's dedicated physician, afflicted with bouts of impatience and disillusionment, to help us drown the memories of Dr. Genn and so many other film medicos. And the only star of the piece, Teresa Wright, begged for the part and did herself a favour since she has never before looked so much like an actress.

The Men was produced under Stanley Kramer's method of exhaustive preliminary rehearsal before shooting, the reward of which is to be seen in a pre-cutting tautness that pays compliments to Carl Foreman's writing (aside from his virile dialogue) as well as to Zinnemann's direction. We must make the most of *The Men* for, as with any other honest statement about war and its effects, the net outcome is pacifist. And that is a courageous thing today.

The case of the British film *The Undeclared* is somewhat different. In comparison with any of "the men" its hero is lucky, having lost only two legs and his voice (during the Rhine crossing) a combination of injuries suffered nearly as frequently by civilians as by combatants. He is also already married and the question of impotence does not arise. The film lasts for 35 minutes and while telling the story of Joe Anderson (Gerald Pearson) it is also under the necessity of advertising the Ministry of Pensions.

In the circumstances Paul Dickson, for World Wide Films, has done an impressive job. He has made Joe Anderson live and he has made his recovery, first of his confidence, then of his voice, seem real. Not a little of this success can be attributed to the natural acting powers of Gerald Pearson (who lost his legs but not his voice in the war), but the main credit must go to Dickson who, after paying his dues to the Ministry, demonstrates gifts that the Industry should, but probably won't, seize on.

With photographer Ronnie Anscombe he has, among other neat technical devices, made the best use I have seen of the "first person" camera, having it carried by hand in and out of a small elevator, along a passage and into a room, thus gaining for it all the freedom of a mobile human being.

The ban on this film, which was finished early this year, is inexplicable and its belated release (following a protest I wrote in the *News Chronicle*) will almost certainly place it in unfair competition with *The Men*.

LA BEAUTE DU DIABLE

Catherine de la Roche

IF THE FAUST LEGEND in most of its variations is the tale of a man who sold his soul to the Devil for Knowledge and Power, *La Beauté du Diable* is, rather, the story of a demon who bought a human soul in exchange for Youth and Wealth. This transfer of Mephistopheles to the forefront, together with a sharp devaluation of the currency, are the keynotes of irony that set the tone in René Clair's film.

His Dr. Faust is no tormented spirit in quest of the unattainable. Susceptible to temptation yet strong-willed, fallible but intelligent, he is a man without excessive desires, and therefore not an easy victim. To win him Mephisto has to work like the devil, and does. He acts, Faust reacts. It is Mephisto's cynical tactics, his sparkling, if shallow, observations during his sojourn on earth, and not Faust's strivings, conflicts or meditations, that provide what social comment there is in the screenplay.

Operating like a high class buyer with an unlimited expense allowance, Mephisto shows Faust the advantages of the deal before even drawing up the contract. He bestows on the Professor the gift of radiant youth—a costly item, for, in order to avoid detection, he must himself assume the ageing form of Faust, rheumatism, diet and all. But the enchantment of regained youth soon palls, for Mephisto keeps Faust in penury until he is convinced that youth without money is worth little. Only then does he reveal the secrets of alchemy: Faust converts sand into gold. Together with wealth, incidentally, almost automatically, he acquires success and fame, status and power, the love of an alluring princess and, above all, Pleasure.

To clinch the bargain Mephisto has only to deprive Faust of the delights for which he has acquired a taste. Faust immediately signs away his soul in the pact with Lucifer, but forthwith loses his zest for living. Restless, he commands Mephisto to show him the future. Scenes of corruption and crime, one more monstrous than the other, appear in the ornate mirror before which they stand: and Faust sees his alchemy produce horrific weapons resembling the atomic bomb. The visions fade. Faust rebels. He defies Satan, renounces the gold that corrupts all who touch it, and flees from the palace where his destiny was to be fulfilled. Powerless to control Faust's actions, Mephisto reconverts the gold into sand, ruining the principality Faust had artificially enriched.

Up to this point, the film is held together by its own logic and, what is more, by a marvellously consistent style and fluidity of narrative. In Clair's screenplay supernatural events have natural consequences. Mephisto, who arrives on earth as Lucifer's agent with a specific directive and limited powers, becomes involved in the ways of the world and has to use his wits and submit to circumstances like any mortal. Clair misses none of the comic possibilities of the situation. His Mephisto, genial, rakish and not very expert, dislikes his job like any stooge ("Quel métier"! he mutters after making a routine incantation). But he revels in the entertainment it entails, prancing with devilish glee among the belles at a ball, exploding with mirth at the sight of cabaret dancers in



"La Beauté du Diable". Michel Simon, Gérard Philipe.

traditional demons' costumes. And he is in a unique position to give point to trite sayings about this wicked world: "Hell", he remarks sadly, "is less cruel than mankind". Mephistopheles is sketched by Clair and played by Michel Simon with equal brilliance. Among the characters in all Clair's films—and they are always character sketches, not portraits, sharp, tender or lightly satirical—Mephisto must now be given pride of place, with the romantic, defiant Faust at his side.

If Clair had confined his screenplay to his "tragi-comic" version of the Mephisto-Faust conflict, *La Beauté du Diable* could have been a masterpiece on a par with his best pre-war pictures. But there is a confused philosophical thread, leading to an insincerely contrived happy ending, which is more damaging by far than the naive, utopian solution à la Capra in *A Nous la Liberté*. Of all the conflicting motifs in the various versions of Faust, Clair has picked some of the most primitive and superstitious, mingling them with sundry inapplicable topical allusions to war, peace and science. In the 16th century *Faustbuecher*, which conformed to the Lutheran creed, Faust was damned for preferring human science to divine revelation. In contrast, according to Goethe, who wrote his masterpiece in the spirit of humanism, man errs so long as he strives, and it is his character, not his mistakes, that determines whether or not his soul is his own. But Clair's film represents science itself as evil and horrific, and, in the ending, it extols the redeeming power of love which is personified by the pious Marguerite.

The question "What has Marguerite do with Faust?" was asked by Charles Lamb in connection with Goethe's drama, but how much more does it apply to *La Beauté du Diable*! Her intervention at the end is not only false and extraneous

(Continued on page 339.)

Retrospective Reviews

Owing to the non-appearance of *SIGHT & SOUND* in September and October, the review section in this issue has been extended to include other notable films that have made their first appearance in the past three months.

Seven Days to Noon



"Seven Days to Noon". Encounter in a pub: Geoffrey Keene, Barry Jones, Olive Sloane.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR *Seven Days to Noon* address themselves to "the citizens of London", appropriately, because the success of this thriller depends as much on the realism of the London scene as on the more commonplace power to excite. London, we know, is elusive. Jules Dassin, at home with *The Naked City*, made in *Night and the City* a curiously unhappy hybrid—the mannerisms of the American realistic thriller grafted on to the world of the Dickensian thieves' kitchen. Even Ealing studios, with their undoubted skill for catching surface appearances, have peopled films with characters whose realism seems at times sacrificed to the too easy appeal of the human interest story. *Passport to Pimlico* and *The Blue Lamp* suggested, in their different ways, a contact with humanity at one remove, as if a clever journalist had refashioned his raw material to make a front-page story.

Seven Days to Noon is the story of a city under strain. The film (script by Roy Boulting and Frank Harvey Jr., from an idea by Paul Dehn and James Bernard; directed by John Boulting) is an alarmingly topical thriller—it is, perhaps, a mistake to read more into it, to make it a plea for or against atomic warfare. A professor engaged on atomic research presents the Prime Minister with a personal ultimatum: he has abstracted a bomb and, unless a promise is given that all atomic work will cease, he will use it after a week to blow London sky-high. Professor Willingdon's part is not merely that of a spark to set the wheels of the plot in motion. He is no anonymous lunatic, but a deeply conscientious man, driven to his crazy gesture by an obsessive horror. Barry Jones makes his fall into madness a believable appeal for understanding.

His ultimatum, passing into the immensely capable hands of Andre Morell as a Special Branch Superintendent, introduces the chase, confined at first to the police, later to include all London. The Prime Minister broadcasts the facts to the nation; the evacuation of London is undertaken. In these scenes, detail is accumulated to play discreetly on the audience's memories and fears. Loaded trains, cars, buses, leave the city, until there are only the deserted streets, haunted by the dogs and cats which their owners have been forced to abandon. The city streets, the Mall, the Belgravia squares, are caught by the camera in an empty, early morning light which lends its own strangeness to the scene.

Meanwhile, Willingdon, befriended by Goldie, a blowsy warm-hearted variety actress down on her luck, at first uses her flat as a refuge, and then keeps her prisoner there, hiding out until his noon deadline. Olive Sloane's Goldie is a comic, foolish, appealing creature; in a short scene the Professor attempts to explain the inevitability of his own action to this representative of the people. Common sense comes face to face with intellect run mad: neither can begin to understand the other. At the end of the film, when Willingdon has been run to earth in Westminster and his weapon dismantled, the last shot shows Goldie, the resilient symbol of normality, trudging homewards across Westminster Bridge.

Seven Days to Noon stems directly (although so different in subject) from such wartime documentary-fiction films as *The Way Ahead* and *Millions Like Us*, in which the individual story, the individual player, were subordinated to the actions of a whole group—a regiment, a factory, in this case a city. The style is the very reverse of that of the American realistic thriller, notably the superficially similar *Panic in the Streets*, in which the whole pressure of averting disaster lying in wait for a city rested on a few individuals. *Seven Days to Noon* employs a cast of largely unknown actors, and presents them objectively, without becoming greatly involved in their emotions. It is a pity, since this method was chosen, that the conventionality of a love interest (between Willingdon's daughter and his research assistant) was not resisted: this not particularly convincing gesture to the box-office gives the film its weakest moments.

As a whole, *Seven Days to Noon* is solid, straightforward, and workmanlike in style, cleverly edited (by Roy Boulting) to convey the growing tension from a routine police investigation to a desperate race, and photographed (except in the last scene in a dramatically lit ruined church) simply and expressively. Above all, the Boultings seldom forget that the main purpose of the film is to keep the eye of the audience on the clock, as noon on the seventh day draws closer. Although it is obvious that London will not be destroyed, the inevitably happy ending comes with a real feeling of relief from suspense.

Seven Days to Noon does not quite succeed in maintaining the pace throughout; there are scenes which might have been cut more ruthlessly, when attempts are made to add stature to a bit player by writing him up as a character part. The eccentric landlady with a houseful of cats (kept just on the safe side of caricature by Joan Hickson) is a case in point, and these scenes suggest less a deliberate slackening of tension than a fumbling attempt to introduce into the film more than the story will bear. But, as a whole, the Boultings have chosen to tell their story through the reactions of a mass of frequently anonymous people—a difficult task—and they are at their best when calling in the resources of London to convey both the normal and the extraordinary behaviour of the city.

PENELOPE HOUSTON

The Heiress

WILLIAM WYLER's *The Heiress*, from the stage success remotely adapted from Henry James' "Washington Square", is a sadly wasted opportunity. Ruth and Augustus Goetz, using their play as foundation for the script, make no attempt to replace those overtones of feeling which they had sacrificed for broader theatrical effects. Rather, they simplify still further, to make of James' tragic-comedy only a polished period piece. In the film, the love of the gauche, unattractive Catherine Sloper for the presentable fortune



Wagons west: a location from "Wagonmaster".

hunter, Morris Townsend, assumes the foreground. Morris, played by Montgomery Clift with far too authentic a charm, becomes for much of the film almost a hero; the cold, bitter Dr. Sloper is reduced to a Washington Square Mr. Barrett; Catherine's relationship to her father is simplified and weakened and, when Morris's defection proves him in the right, her closing in on herself seems rather a theatrical gesture—as, emphatically, does her ultimate rejection of Morris—than a natural development of the character as we have seen it.

This rather obvious script, and a construction that emphasises the dropping of an invisible curtain, is echoed in the playing. Ralph Richardson's doctor is exact and accomplished, but Miriam Hopkins makes the foolish, terrifying Mrs. Penniman only a good-hearted schemer, while Olivia de Havilland's performance suggests emotion skilfully observed from the outside rather than genuinely felt. Wyler has directed with the same faultless eye for externals. The photography (Leo Tover) makes great play with deep focus, with a camera whose movements become stylised, mechanical and obtrusive through their very meticulous care. Wyler, too, seems to accept the softening of the central situation, the film's fundamental fault: he has allowed *The Heiress* to assume a prettiness, an exhibition of the art director's skill, which can only detract from a story which not only has no need for such devices, but positively rejects them.

PENELOPE HOUSTON

Wagonmaster and Two Flags West

TRADITIONALLY A RELIABLE box-office standby, large-scale Westerns are naturally, at this time of crisis, being turned out by Hollywood in greater numbers than ever. As a result these are apt to make their first British appearance in the London suburbs, or in the provinces, eluding West-End showing—and so critical notice—altogether. Such has been the case with *Wagonmaster*, the latest work of John Ford, which has not achieved either a press-show or a release on any of the three principal circuits.

At first this astonishes. Here is a new film, in the most popular of genres, by a master who has usually succeeded in combining quality with commercial success. How could it fail to be of popular appeal? Yet, after seeing the picture, it is not difficult to understand the timorousness of the exhibitors. *Wagonmaster* is the nearest any director has come to an *avant-garde* Western. To use this word of a film by Ford may sound strange; take it, though, not as implying an experiment in any new -ism, but in the sense in which it is

perhaps more frequently used, of an absolute, self-delighting liberty on the artist's part. From his writers, Patrick Ford (his son) and Frank Nugent, Ford has received material after his own heart—the story of a hazardous Mormon trek in search of new territory for settlements in the West. There is an adequate story-line: the wagon train falls in with an itinerant quack and his troupe, and with a posse of mysterious, malignant strangers. There is an encounter with an Indian tribe, and a mutual celebration of trust between White and Red round the camp fire; there are dances, pleasant touches of romance, and a final gunfight. Ford's handling of these incidents, however, shows clearly enough that his interest is aroused less by those which propel and shape the narrative (these are apt to be perfunctory) than by the characters and events which give colour to his favourite themes: the dogged persistence of his heroes, the moral beauty of their lives of enterprise and creation. Unconcerned with novelty, he is quite content to draw, for incident and characterisation, on his earlier films: from *My Darling Clementine*, for instance, comes Alan Mowbray to endow A. Locksley Hall, the quack doctor, with precisely those traits of humour and pathos which distinguished Granville Thorndyke, that unforgettable ham; "Uncle Shiloh" and his four moronic nephews echo, with greater (perhaps cruder) potency the natural evil of Old Man Clinton and his four sons. The familiar faces and sterling performances of the Ford "Stock Company" (Ward Bond, Jane Darwell, Russell Simpson, Francis Ford amongst the elders, Ben Johnson, Harry Carey, jnr., and Joanne Dru for the younger generation) reinforce the sense of a significant personal world, vividly imagined and freshly communicated. In *Wagonmaster* Ford has composed, with the simplicity of greatness, another of his poems to the pioneering spirit. It is a tragic reflection on the progress of the cinema that modern audiences, unused to the exercise of the poetic sense, expecting only the cruder impact of a conventional plot, gape and are unhappy when Ford rests his Olympian camera on one of these magnificent prospects as the wagons trundle on their way and a few voices join together in a revivalist hymn or one of the traditional ballads of the West.

No such personal note is struck at any point by *Two Flags West*, the most notable of the other recent Westerns. Also partly the work of Frank Nugent, this has the same period and setting as Ford's recent Cavalry pictures, *Fort Apache* and *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*—a U.S. Cavalry post on the Western frontier, shortly before the end of the Civil War. There is little evidence to suggest, though, that its director, Robert Wise, has found much to interest him in this world. The script (Casey Robinson) hesitates between



Fall of a tyrant: Jose Ferrer as the dictator in "Crisis".

the personal drama of the arrogant, self-deceiving Commander of the Post (see *Fort Apache*), and the tension between his Unionist troops and the squadron of Confederate prisoners of war who have won a half-liberty by volunteering for service against hostile Indians on the frontier. The indecisive scripting, and a lack of grasp and dynamism in the direction, prevent the story from working up any real tension, and the characters fail obstinately to impinge. Wise has, in fact, achieved little more than a series of effects; some of these are admittedly striking—disconnected glimpses of Fort Thorn, the Cavalry on patrol, a finely-staged Indian attack—but they fail to add up. We are left with some careful period reconstruction, and a visual style of constant accomplishment: Leon Shamroy's photography shows remarkable delicacy of tone and command of forceful, decorative compositions. These too, however, fail in the end to signify; a comparison of the images of *Wagonmaster* and *Two Flags West* points the difference between the expressive, poet's eye, and the elegant, superficial skill of the *decorateur*.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Crisis

NOT THE LEAST remarkable aspect of *Crisis*, the first film directed by Richard Brooks—a former radio writer, the author of the novel "The Brick Foxhole", from which *Crossfire* was taken, and a collaborator on the scripts of *Brute Force*, *Mystery Street* and *Key Largo*—is the evidence it gives of a writer being allowed freedom in the cinema. Brooks wrote the screenplay from a story by George Tabori, and *Crisis* is predominantly a writer's film: its principal strength resides in the dialogue, and as a piece of film-making it is a little lacking in the refinements of authority. The drama of *Crisis* is the confrontation of a fanatic, cunning, Latin American dictator, threatened with death from a brain tumour, and the American surgeon kidnapped and obliged to operate on him. Round this situation, Brooks has composed a shrewd and persuasive picture of a minor fascist state on the brink of civil war—the army divided by intrigues, skirmishes with the church, toadying officials, demonstrations, police raids. The main emphasis, however, is kept on a prolonged duel—at one point crystallised in a gripping, horrific sequence of an operation rehearsal—between the surgeon and the dictator: between the humane, civilised liberal and the savage authoritarian. These are portraits of an incisiveness and density

rare in the cinema, and the actors, Cary Grant and Jose Ferrer, realise them perfectly. The ingenious ending, which seems at first a cynical epilogue to the dictator's death, serves to throw the whole conflict into sharp relief, and to illuminate the predicament of a sentient individual pressed by the forces of political violence.

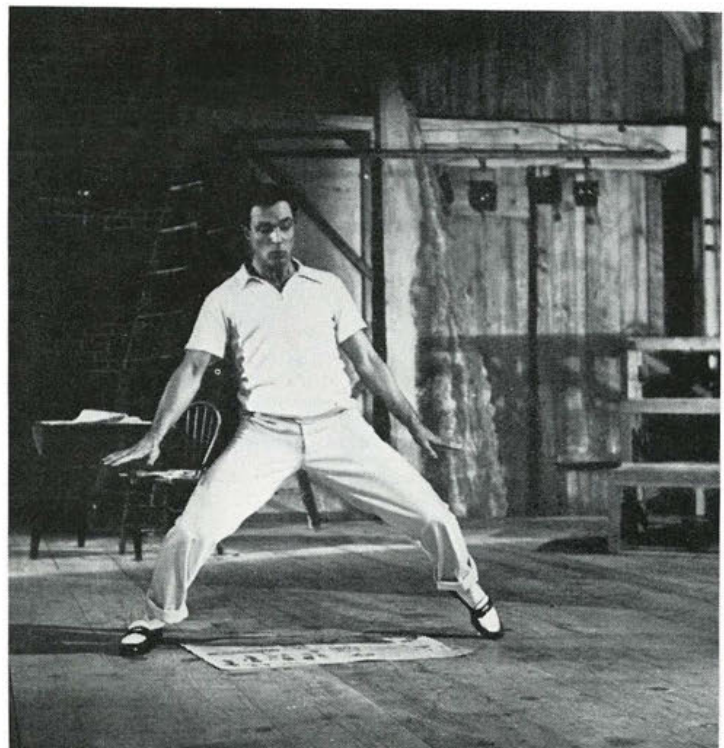
Apart from some lack of flow in the handling, *Crisis* is slightly flawed by the weaker characterisations of the surgeon's and the dictator's wives, two figures who are often on the screen, but not very well played and less firmly written than the other parts. But the film as a whole is original, arresting and considered—and so far probably the most striking example of Dore Schary's policy at M.G.M. of encouraging the development of new talents. This has already produced several films of promise, and more may be expected in the near future.

GAVIN LAMBERT

Occupe-Toi d'Amelie

THE REVITALISING of boulevard farces, which in the 20's produced such films as *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* and *Les Nouveaux Messieurs*, has again become fashionable in the French cinema to-day. It has even attracted the attention (rather disastrously) of Clouzot. By far the brightest and most skilful of the cycle has been *Occupe-Toi d'Amelie*, directed by Claude Autant-Lara and scripted by his usual collaborators, Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost. The presentation is a *tour de force* of virtuosity: the old play—about a rising *cocotte* in the Paris of 1900, who deceives her rich admirer, agrees to a mock marriage ceremony with an engaging rake to help him secure an inheritance, is herself deceived by a genuine ceremony, has the last laugh by signing the register under a false name and goes off to Venice with the young man on a lovers' trip—has been turned practically inside out. It becomes a film within a play, the action starting in a Paris street, moving on to a stage, then to a series of stylised film sets, returning at intervals to the theatre and glimpsing the footlights; and it moves, with unflinching invention and control, at breakneck speed. There is a delicious parody of a French bedroom scene, and a wedding sequence not unworthy of *Le Chapeau de Paille*. Autant-Lara, it appears, has acknowledged his debt to *Henry V*, and it is a happy one. The artificial gaiety may not be to everybody's taste—some may prefer the same director's less polished, more uneven, more human *Sylvie et le Fantôme*—but there is no denying the film's elegance and skill, the charming sets by Max Douy, and the stylish playing of Danielle Darrieux, Jean Desailly and Coco Aslan.

GAVIN LAMBERT



Gene Kelly dances in "If you Feel like Singing", a musical of considerable charm, with the incomparable Judy Garland.

EDITING

Karel Reisz

THE TECHNICAL METHODS of film presentation—like the choice of themes for the films they are used to interpret—are to a certain extent governed by fashion. A director who evolves or re-discovers a new dramatic device which his story happens to need may find himself unwittingly acclaimed as the originator of a revolutionary technique. Toland's use of deep focus photography in *Citizen Kane* has been often imitated since—sometimes, as in passages in *The Heiress*, for no good apparent reason. Welles' device of using overlapping dialogue (in the same film) enjoyed a temporary vogue. Cutting a film to the beat of the background music became common practice at one time in the thirties, but has mercifully died out. The most recent and persistent fashion is to use long uninterrupted takes, and thereby to dispense with the factor of editing. Hitchcock's experiment in making a film entirely without cuts set a precedent which has since been repeatedly, and often quite arbitrarily, copied. *Edward My Son*, *Adam's Rib* (Cukor), *No Sad Songs for Me* (Mate), *The Rocking Horse Winner* (Pelissier), and *Golden Salamander* (Neame) are some of the most notable films which have made extensive use of long takes. Countless others show the influence to a lesser degree. It is significant that the directors of all the above films are either ex-cameramen or have received their early training in the theatre. The technique seems to appeal to the cameraman for its intriguing pictorial possibilities, and to the stage producer because, as in the theatre, it gives prominence to the actor.

Elia Kazan's *Panic in the Streets* is the latest and in some ways the most interesting example of the influence. Superficially, the film has all the characteristics of the "semi-documentary" thriller: it was shot almost entirely on location, attempts to give a sane, unglamorized picture of police work, and ends in the customary melodramatic chase. The strength of this particular type of film making is that the use of authentic backgrounds adds conviction to the essentially melodramatic material. *Panic in the Streets*, as Gavin Lambert pointed out in his review in *SIGHT AND SOUND*, attempts to go further than this. The characterisation is subtler and more defined than in previous films of the cycle, and the treatment—with the exception of the ending—gives an altogether more serious analysis of the central situation than has previously been attempted. But it is as a thriller that *Panic in the Streets* must be judged, and it is precisely as a thriller that it is least successful.

Kazan has attempted to hold the attention by packing his images with "significant" backgrounds and as a result one is continually aware of the over-rich, distracting impressions of the locale. The crooks and their cronies are all played by actors of strikingly unusual features: Blackie (Walter Palanca), the dwarfed news vendor, the shrivelled old wife of the middle-aged restaurant proprietor, and the whole conception and playing of the character of Fitch (Zero Mostel)—all these make an over-blown, essentially theatrical impression. To make full use of this photogenic cast, Kazan uses a technique which, for all its authentic background, remains artificial. His method is to stage a series of long

takes, and drill the actors to take their places in a series of dramatically effective compositions; they are made to walk in and out of close shot, even in and out of frame, in the course of a single shot. The principle seems to be to try to keep the camera on the actor as long as possible and only to cut when physical difficulties arise. If this technique never actually becomes dull, it is because Kazan fills his backgrounds with a mass of atmospheric detail which is in itself fascinating to watch. As one might expect, he is at his best in passages of dialogue. The scene in which the mayor finally agrees to give the whole story of the imminent epidemic to the Press, for instance, has considerable dramatic power. In other scenes, when the tension has to be developed in the visuals alone, the technique becomes utterly unsuitable. There is an early morning episode in a snack bar, in which the camera slowly tracks with a character along the whole length of the bar counter, and reveals in the foreground a tableau of strange, motionless faces. As an isolated piece of staging, the shot is brilliant: as a realistic impression of the scene in the early hours of the morning, it is ludicrous.

Throughout the film, one recalls Kazan's theatrical background. The scenes are scripted and executed as more or less self-contained one-act plays, each with a beginning, a build-up and a climax: the superbly executed scene on board ship is a noteworthy example. But these isolated scenes never fuse into a whole: the necessary sense of continuity throughout the film is lacking. This is a most serious defect in the treatment. The story of *Panic in the Streets* depends very closely on giving the spectator a sense of the passage of time, on making him feel that the two days in which the detectives must find the killers (before the epidemic may break out) are fast slipping away. This Kazan fails to convey; the structure of the script is too fragmentary, the continuity not sufficiently clearly established to suggest the inexorable approach of the story's zero hour.

A further inadequacy of the long take technique is demonstrated in the action sequences. Here, again, Kazan attempts to convey the physical excitement through clever staging and minute direction of the actors—specifically, through Blackie's strange, loping strides, and the clumsy waddling of his fat accomplice. In some cases, this leads to absurd over-playing, as in the gorilla-like stalking of the killers in the first scenes (which drew sniggers from the audience at my local cinema), and in the final episode where Blackie is scrambling below the level of the quayside in the opposite direction to the police. In many cases, the long, smooth camera movements detract from the potential excitement: there is one scene in particular where the effect is completely wasted. The two killers are running along the narrow roof of the warehouse, towards camera. The camera pans with them to face in the opposite direction, so that they are momentarily seen running away. They sight the police at the far end of the roof, panic for a moment, and finally turn to run back in the direction from which they came. During all this time they are kept in frame by the camera, which in the course of the shot turns through over 360 degrees. It is an ingenious but unnecessary trick. A few sharp cuts to shots of contrasting angles could surely have been made to convey, to much greater effect, the sense of terror and panic.

The story of the Boulting Brothers' *Seven Days to Noon* presents a problem somewhat similar to that of Kazan's film. It, too, anticipates a moment of great danger on which the whole film is focussed. In spite of the story being concerned

(Continued on page 339.)

THE MUSIC OF COPLAND

Antony Hopkins

DO NOT WANT to write a closely analytical article about Copland's music, but rather to discuss why a composer who at first glance seems to lack any of the usually accepted attributes of the film composer, should have been so successful in this medium. That this success should now have been confirmed by the award of an "Oscar" for what, in my opinion, is one of his less significant scores, is only in line with Hollywood's tendency to be out of step in artistic matters. However, before coming to *The Heiress*, I must try to crystallize for you the essence of Copland so that we may see more clearly the steps that have led to this final recognition.

Anyone acquainted only with the early "Theme and Variations" for piano—a work of quite extraordinary dissonance and angularity—or the bleakly austere violin sonata, could scarcely imagine that the composer of these would ever allow himself to be seduced into composition of a commercial nature. Yet Copland, by his readiness to work in the theatre and for the ballet, has shown himself to be a composer of catholic interests; nor does he take an unwarranted delight in confining himself to an ivory tower of intellectualised composition, as the pieces I have mentioned above might lead one to believe. There is then a curious mixture in the man's make-up, a clash between a lean, severe austerity that harks back to the harsh religious principles of the early New Englanders, and the slick twentieth century All-American outlook that one finds in the ballet suites *Billy the Kid* and *El Salon Mexico*. The early piano works suggest to me the possibility that in his youth, Copland realised, even if only subconsciously, that this smart, sophisticated and almost vulgar streak was part of his musical personality; like a devout convert in a monastery cell, he grappled with this tendency, striving to exorcise the unwanted and undesirable element by a passionate determination to abhor the sensual, the pleasing, or the facile. The grinding dissonances and the bleak, sparse lines of the "Theme and Variations" take a positively masochistic delight in their blunt refusal to make the piano sound a nice instrument. Never was the primrose path further from sight than in this uncompromising and (frankly) unlikeable music.

Must we regard then the sunny, fresh quality of "Appalachian Spring" as a capitulation, as a triumph of the undesirable over the undesired? I don't think so; I prefer to think that Copland has matured enough to conquer himself by embracing his weaknesses and making them his strength. The Lenten discipline of his monastic period has enabled him to control the over-sophistication mingled with naivety that is so typical of the America of today; he has come to terms with himself. The apparently hard way he chose in the early works proved to be wrong; he could not conquer the streak of slickness that was an integral part of his nature by merely denying its existence.

This excursion into the realms of psycho-analysis is something that, on the whole, I would rather leave to critics who like to breathe the rarefied atmosphere of intellectual speculation; but I have indulged in it on this one occasion because I am immensely tickled by the wheel swinging full circle to quite the extent it has. I wonder what that ghost would say—the ghost of the young Copland, writing ruthless asperities

in an unheated attic, eyes fixed on the distant future when his genius might be recognised by a few handpicked disciples—if he could see on the dusty mantelpiece against the peeling walls—an "Oscar"!

Now if this analysis of Copland's make-up is true, and I think that there is a lot in it, an acute observer would realise that he must ultimately be attracted towards the cinema; and not just for financial reasons as so many composers are. This has proved to be the case, and he has produced several outstanding scores, among them *Of Mice and Men*, *Our Town* and *The Red Pony*. Even so, one is tempted to ask why his music, which for all the reconciliation between the two opposing sides of his nature, has still preserved its essential austerity of texture, should have succeeded in a field where lush sensuality is the norm. The reason, however, is not hard to find. It is for just the same reason that the zither music made such an effect in *The Third Man*. I said at the time in my article in the December 1949 issue of *SIGHT AND SOUND*, that Carol Reed's genius lay in realising that the zither would carry through the whole film because of the essential novelty *qua* sound. Copland's scoring makes its effect in the cinema for just the same reason; its texture, so lacking in glossiness, eschewing the incredibly over-elaborate orchestration of the average Hollywood score, sounds utterly fresh and new to the jaded ears of those of the audience who ever listen to the music anyway. It is perhaps significant that at the Florence Festival that I discussed in my last article, his music for *The Red Pony* was the only example from the American contingent that received the unanimous and enthusiastic applause of the Congress. I do not think that we were swayed by the name, or by feelings of high-brow snobbery; we were merely thankful to hear music that had the virtues of sincerity and simplicity.

The Heiress was a disappointment to me in that it was overshadowed by the heavy pall of "Chagrin d'Amour"; I would much prefer to have my Copland undiluted. But connoisseurs will appreciate in the scene towards the end, where Montgomery Clift is packing hastily, the extraordinary way Copland handles the oldest film-music cliché in the world; a tremolando note, with pizzicato notes on basses and cellos. This is the real answer to the Newmans and Steiners; the orchestration is an accepted and corny old trick; the effect, because of the discrimination with which the notes and rhythms are handled, is exciting and new. It is like the satisfaction of biting into a firm, sharp-flavoured apple, in comparison to yesterday's cold lobster served up with one of those frighteningly paint-like sauces one sees in some railway buffet. One must congratulate the "Creators" of this picture, as they style themselves in the titles, on allowing a square piano to sound like a square piano, and on refraining from employing Ezio Pinza to double for Mr. Clift's exceptionally undistinguished singing voice. It is occasional touches of authenticity of this kind that distinguish a "creation" from an ordinary film, I suppose; but we must be grateful for them. One last heart-cry: can the organist at the Plaza be restrained from showing us what a wonderful ear he has by playing *with* and *through* the title music—usually at a slightly different pitch from the film-track?

REVALUATIONS—6

Roger Manvell

The purpose of this series of reviews is to look again at films which have come to be regarded as "classics" in the history of the cinema. Although what matters to us here is their intrinsic value as motion pictures, their importance historically speaking will also be kept in mind. In addition we shall give a summary of some past critical opinion on the film.

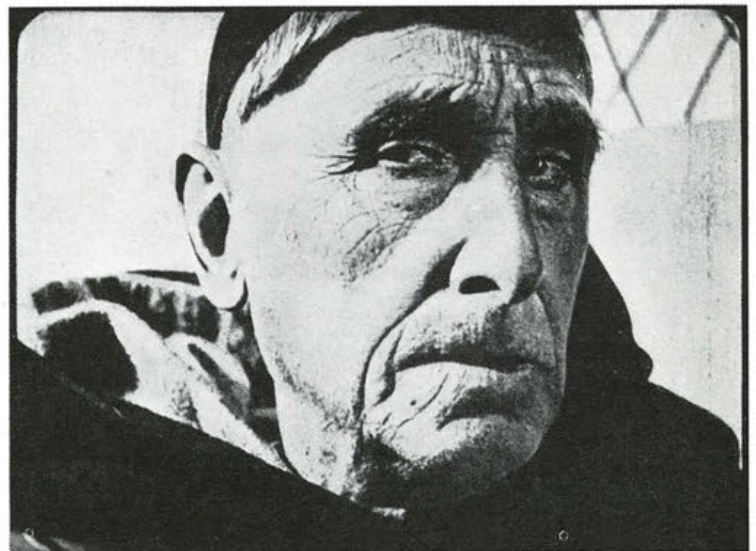
We hope this series of revaluations will be of use to film societies faced with the problem of preparing programme notes for their audiences as well as of interest to all readers who like old as well as new films.

LA PASSION DE JEANNE D'ARC, 1928

Production: Société Générale de Films. Directed by Carl Theodore Dreyer: Scenario by Dreyer and Joseph Delteil: Historical adviser Pierre Champion: Photographed by Rudolph Maté and Kotula: Design by Hermann Warm: Costumes by Jean and Valentine Hugo: Musical Score by Léo Pufet and Victor Allix. With Falconetti, Silvain, Maurice Schutz, Ravet, André Berley, Antonin Artaud.

THE FIRST IMPRESSION one gains from seeing this film is its silent cry for sound. Most of the time is occupied by five gruelling cross-examinations of Joan. The great ecclesiastical heads with their gesticulating mouths seem to require some corresponding cataclysmic uproar of the human voice. Dreyer himself says that he would like to have made the film with sound. But the treatment of the film as it stands is purely visual, and very often involves a carefully contrived interplay between the written dialogue and the visual action, which does not duplicate it so much as follow it through. The film, therefore, operates on two planes at once, first the hard, factual plane of the terms of the examination, with its succession of wearying questions directed at Joan and given to the audience in form of printed words, and, second, the stylised visual interpretation of what the trial meant emotionally and psychologically to Joan and to her persecutors, the French ecclesiastics led by Bishop Cauchon and the English occupation authorities led by the gross, overbearing military figure of the Earl of Warwick.

The process of the trial itself, which is conducted in the brutal manner of a third degree investigation, has its twentieth century parallels, for it is essentially an ideological trial in which Joan for reasons of state must be led to condemn herself for the sake of power politics. The stylised presentation of the trial gives it a universality which goes beyond its immediate historical setting. Joan is the victim of an earthly authority which cannot allow itself to be put to question by a saint whose integrity of soul sees beyond and therefore through its complex diplomacy. The significance of the trial of Joan of Arc will always appeal to poets who celebrate our



"Jeanne d'Arc": Three studies of Jeanne's judges—"the great ecclesiastical heads".



"Jeanne d'Arc"; Jeanne is handed over to the military.

human liberties, and the film remains almost unbearably poignant.

Falconetti, who never made another significant appearance in films, relives Dreyer's interpretation of Joan so intensely that one becomes completely oblivious of her as an actress. This *is* Joan of Arc, or, at any rate, *a* Joan of Arc, her face sunk and wasting, her body near collapse, her short hair matted with sweat and eventually shaved from her head before our eyes, her cheeks streaked with the tear drops of real suffering. Her lips move, but she seldom seems to speak more than a word or a phrase. Her head, photographed in almost continuous close up, mostly against a plain white background, turns now this way, now that. She peers round over a shoulder raised in fear; now her head sinks in profile, or lifts full face as her eyes light with the emotion of her belief that she is fulfilling the will of God. She is not Joan the Warrior, but Joan the sexless maid dressed in a poor jerkin and surrounded by towering male enemies she cannot understand but whose trickeries she evades through the great integrity of her faith. Dreyer's relentless presentation of Joan's situation is without any romantic relief. There is no way out for her except the way of recantation closed to her by her own convictions, and even that way, which she seems at one stage to be prepared to take, would undoubtedly be denied to her by the English authorities. The situation gives full play to Dreyer's passionate desire to portray on the screen the very roots of human persecution and suffering.

For the purposes of the film's dramatic structure, Joan's long trial is contracted to one day. We see her called before the ecclesiastical court which is gathered in the prison, examined later in her cell when she is presented with a forged letter seeming to come from the King of France urging her to recant, mocked by the English soldiers and given, like Christ, a mock crown and a mock sceptre, faced with instruments of torture which make her faint, bled in her cell and

then taken out on a stretcher to be examined in a graveyard where, in her weakness, she signs the recantation which angers the Earl of Warwick. While the common people who side with her celebrate the recantation (shots of jugglers and contortionists give a macabre touch to this misplaced joy) her head is shaved and she realises that the birds and the flowers, symbols of life and liberty, possess the freedom denied to her, now that she finds herself condemned to perpetual imprisonment. She renounces her recantation, receives the last sacraments and is handed over to the English military to be burnt as a witch. The film ends with the horribly violent measures used by the English soldiers to quell the riots which break out round the pyre where Joan coughs and twists in agony and finally droops to death in the smoke and flames.

The film proceeds with an unrelieved intensity, and is a great strain as well as a great experience to watch. The fact that no real change in Joan's situation is possible in the successive examinations to which she is subjected (there are five of them, all abortive, except for the last which results in her temporary recantation) means that there can be no element of dramatic development in the film. The result is that the film, considered purely as drama, sometimes seems tedious. There is no story to tell, only a situation to present in various successive phases. The beauty of the images provides a certain measure of relief, though this, of course, is insufficient in itself. The stylisation often goes to extreme, when, for example three monkish heads are arranged in the perspective of a receding pyramid, or when the instruments of torture are seen by Joan in a montage of moving wheels, spiked rollers and saw-toothed silhouettes, or when, in the final scenes of the film, soldiers and people are shot from unnecessarily impressionistic angles immediately overhead and even underfoot. But for the most part the stylisation of treatment and the theatrical austerity of the settings suit the film exactly, and give it the right sense of universality, lifting

it out of a particular period of the past and making it belong to all and every time. The camera, when it is not concentrating on the succession of cruel monkish heads, foxy, narrow, cadaverous, pitted, warted, gross, be-sweated and brutal, or, in the case of the young priest who helps Joan, idealistically handsome, tracks about a great deal to emphasise the patterned groupings of priests and soldiers. The acting itself is an interesting mixture of stylisation and naturalism; Dreyer obviously wanted to intensify and emphasize the psychological realism of his film, and the acting as a result becomes slightly slower and slightly larger than life. He used panchromatic film to photograph his carefully chosen cast, none of whom wore makeup. The contours and markings of their faces, therefore, are emphasised to the same degree of high relief as the acting.

Critics in the past have insisted that Dreyer sacrifices true film technique in order to emphasize the separate values of individual shots. For example, Paul Rotha, who in other respects admires the film greatly, writes in *The Film Till Now*:

"The supreme example of the pictorial mind was instanced in that most remarkable of films, Carl Dreyer's *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*, where the very beauty of the individual visual images destroyed the *filmic* value of the production. Every shot in this extraordinary film was so beautifully composed, so balanced in linear design and distribution of masses, so simplified in detail that the spectator's primary desire was to tear down each shot as it appeared on the screen and to hang it on his bedroom wall. This was in direct opposition to the central aim of the cinema, in which each individual image is inconsequential in itself, being but a part of the whole vibrating pattern.



In Dreyer's beautiful film the visual image was employed to its fullest possible extent, but employed graphically and not filmically".

He adds later:

"I have no compunction in saying that it was one of the most remarkable productions ever realised in the history and development of the cinema, but it was not a full exposition of real filmic properties".

There are, however, many sections of the film which use, sometimes almost overuse, the dynamic methods of film technique implied by the word montage—some moments in the cross-examinations, for example, when the hostile faces seem to surround and even to punch forward at Joan, or the interchanges in the cell between the half-trusting girl and the foxy monk who organises the forgery of the King's letter, or the terrible scenes in the torture-chamber and graveyard, and especially the long burning and rioting sequence which ends the film. But it is true to say that very frequently a consciously-posed image which is, in effect, a single static composition is put on the screen in a manner unrelated to the continuity of the images which precede and follow it. That is why still photographs from this film appeal so strongly to collectors and to publishers of illustrated books on the cinema.

But the compelling power of this film remains unaltered by age or criticism. Dreyer rehearsed and photographed it in the exact order of the script, treating his cast with a strict discipline, above all in the case of Falconetti. The deep suffering which marks her portrayal of Joan bears all the signs of a profound personal experience in carrying out an exacting part under the relentless direction of an uncompromising artist.



"Jeanne d'Arc": Falconetti during the trial and (right) at the stake. "... all the signs of a profound personal experience"

(Below: EDITING continued from page 335.)

(Right: LA BEAUTE DU DIABLE continued from page 331.)

with the reactions of a large group of people—always a more difficult dramatic problem—rather than that of individuals, the Boultings succeed precisely where Kazan has failed. They succeed in sustaining the tension, in continually keeping before the audience the pressing passage of time. That they do so is due to the fact that they employ technical means which are attuned to the demands of their story—skilfully interweaving parallel action, a simple continuity device which establishes the precise time relationship between scenes, and crisp, workmanlike editing.

to the story, it is probably also superfluous as sentimental box-office appeal. For Faust has been a popular legend for four centuries, and Clair's common touch is as evident in his new film as it has ever been. Even the form degenerates with the content in the ending: the beautifully composed sound track, which begins intriguingly with the unseen Mephisto's insinuating whisperings and taunts, tails off in a conventional celestial choir. But in the major part of his film Clair is at the height of his mastery. The wit, the balletic rhythms, the glorious inventiveness—everything that makes up his style—is renewed in a picture which, despite its false morality, represents a further development of René Clair's art.

TELEVISION

LAST MONTH, I suggested three important differences between film-viewing and television viewing at the present time, making the one kind of experience different in quality from the other; namely immediacy, scale, and the viewing conditions. To these I would now add a fourth, freedom of time. So far, it seems, television has not equalled the film's effortless command of space, although doubtless the obstacles are only technical. When film is used for exteriors in a play (as in the case of *The History of Mr. Polly*) the difference in technical quality between these and the interiors is so obvious as to be disturbing.

In its freedom to stretch itself leisurely and unhurriedly in the dimension of time, however, television seems to me to have great advantages over the film, which must be tightly packed and carefully measured to fit into a definite programme length. Looking back over the programmes I have enjoyed—Mr. Sydney Harrison giving his weekly piano lessons, the lively political discussions between Messrs. Michael Foot, W. J. Brown and their colleagues under the title *In the News*, the illustrated medical talks on the ear and the eye, the ceremony in Westminster Hall to mark the opening of the new House of Commons, and many others—I realise that it is part of their attraction that they follow their own unhurried natural tempo, and one can subconsciously revel in a spaciousness of time, as it were, which would be deadly boredom on the cinema screen. Not that television is without its limits or its longueurs (witness much of its recent variety) but the limits of mere time are by no means so oppressive.

If the stretch of time is a boon to the viewer, it is evidently a nightmare to the producer, as Mr. Cecil McGivern has stressed in a recent contribution to *The B.B.C. Quarterly*. "Creating ideas for television, writing television scripts, building television programmes", he writes, "is the biggest strain so far imposed on that section of people who spend their lives in the business of entertaining, enlightening, educating the rest of the people". And "Television is young, but it is already swallowing at a frightening rate the output of writers, producers, designers. How are we going to keep it fed?" And yet again (this time in italics) "*Just to keep it going is a headache*".

With all this, one cannot fail to have great sympathy. And in pleading for a continuance of limited transmission time, with emphasis on quality, Cecil McGivern is, I am sure, right. At the same time, exasperated no doubt by the headache his greedy young giant gives him, Mr. McGivern makes some strictures on audiences which are not really justified. For example, "One Saturday evening not long ago I was sitting in my office in Alexandra Palace watching 'Saturday Night Revue', a sixty-minute programme involving, including the orchestra, about sixty people and two full weeks' rehearsal. Not counting the overheads . . . it had cost in the neighbourhood of £1,000, the total extra amount paid in licence fees by 1,000 viewers. Moreover, of its type it was a good, fast-moving, well-cast, polished production. . . . Ten minutes after the programme had ended seventy-five (telephone) calls had been dealt with, and more were still coming in, every one of them complaining of the programme, some of them, bitterly, a few blasphemously". "The television audience . . . is used to seeing the latest Hollywood musical for a few shillings. . . . It is an audience which expects a lot and takes it all for granted. It is an audience which sits in front of the

television set and says 'I paid a lot for this set, I expect a lot in return. Got that? All right, now go ahead'".

Against this I, for one, can only protest. I myself have been moved to near-blasphemy by many television variety programmes. The standard of some of the turns has been really appalling and would disgrace the most pedestrian village concert. (Two exceptions have been Alfred Marks, with some consistency, and Norman Wisdom in flashes.) But this is not because I am satiated with Hollywood musicals. On the contrary, my tastes and demands are simple, and I find that all the things which really delight on television are of the very simplest kind, at least as regards their presentation. It is precisely in trying to ape the Hollywood musical, to present all the fun and gaiety of the theatre, by clothing a poverty of ideas with elaborately arranged stage numbers that television, nine times out of ten, falls flat on its face. That is why I was glad to find Ronald Waldman, just appointed acting head of light entertainment, acknowledging the fact that "we have to admit that we don't yet know what is comedy on television. We have to start creating from the very beginning, something called TV light entertainment".

These are no doubt merely teething troubles and perhaps McGivern is right in suggesting that the small-scale screen (62 per cent. of viewers watching on a 9-inch screen) and the lack of colour have much to do with television's present limitations, but both producer and viewer have to accept the medium as it is.

An excellent example of adapting the material to the medium has just been given in Royston Morley's production of *Richard II*. It stands out as the most creditable television achievement in my six months' viewing. From a cast of uniformly high standard, the performances of Alan Wheatley as the king, Arthur Wontor (a notable Sherlock Holmes of the silent film) as the Duke of York, and Clement McCallin as Bolingbroke, struck me as particularly good. The chief thing which worried me in this production was a tendency to adhere so closely to the stage instructions for theatrical performance as to lose a smoothness of transition which television, as much as the film, surely makes possible. Too often, the scene changed to show a posed group obviously waiting for their cue for action, as they might have waited for a stage curtain to rise.

The chief interest of this play, however, was that in the interests of small-scale viewing, the cameras were continually moving into near-shots and close-ups, so that it gained an intimacy, a close personal contact with the characters (which Shakespeare among few, perhaps, can successfully bear) without losing any of the austerity of the historical chronicle. In short, it was neither a stage nor a film version, but essentially a television version.

ERNEST LINDGREN

THE SOUND TRACK

Ghost Records

A GRAMOPHONE RECORD recently issued by the H.M.V. Company provides ghost effects for the use of film companies. Eight separate sound tracks are included, so that various types of ghosts can be fitted out with sound. The first two are of the quivering variety, with a gentle quality that makes them quite likeable. The second pair are most objectionable;

they start peacefully but rise to a piercing scream that sets your teeth on edge. The next two are what might be called ghosts in conversation; there is definitely more than one supernatural involved and a resonant discussion ensues. Number seven starts well but gets a touch of the screams towards the end, while number eight is so delicate that he never really gets going at all. The whole series costs 7s. 6d. plus purchase tax.

The sounds produced by ghosts have troubled film makers for a long while. One recalls the unhappy *Hamlet* experiment, in which the voice of Hamlet's father was severely criticised by the public and film writers alike. Mere resonance is not enough, though film companies have tried many things to get the best forms of reverberation. Voices have been sent down the quarter-mile long corridor at Denham Studios and picked up at the other end. The ordinary echo-chamber is no longer considered sufficient for the better class of ghost. On one occasion, a ghost speech was amplified and fed to a large public-address loud-speaker, which was placed over a man-hole which led down to the studio sewerage system. The sound went roaring down into the depths, reverberated through countless tunnels and passages, and was subject to all kinds of distortions and twists. Another man-hole cover was then removed about half a mile away and out came the thunderous voice, full of ghostly echoes. The only trouble was that every time anyone pulled the plug out of a wash-basin anywhere in the studio, they got the ghost voice roaring forth; this proved so disconcerting that the sound department had to postpone their experiments.

The Music Department is often called upon to deal with film ghosts. One of the best effects was to be found in Richard Addinsell's music for *Blithe Spirit*. The main ghostly theme is featured in the waltz, while a musical sketch of Madame Arcati (played by Margaret Rutherford), the eccentric medium of the story, riding her bicycle through the village on her way to a seance made a fitting prelude to the poltergeist scenes themselves. (Columbia DX 1186.) Decca have issued a pleasing arrangement of the music from *Out of This World*, which is in the same tradition. The recording is by Mantovani and his Orchestra; full use is made of the woodwind orchestration used in the original film track, which gives an eerie, flowing quality to the music. The opening bars are in fact almost identical to Addinsell's introduction with oboes, vibraphone and harp glissandos combining to give the ghostly-gay treatment the respective stories demand. (Decca F 9115.)

JOHN HUNTLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

FILM MUSIC

The Editor, SIGHT AND SOUND

Dear Sir,

Antony Hopkins' interesting article on the Florence Music Congress lists conclusions with which everyone is likely to agree and to which a couple of points might well be added.

"Economy of means is more likely to succeed in film music than overlavish scoring". Yes, indeed. Too many composers allow themselves (in Cavalcanti's phrase) to "stick the score onto the film like a postage stamp". The result is usually a truncated concert-piece which, whatever its intrinsic merits, does not do its job as a really creative contribution to the film as a whole. Honourable exceptions to this are obvious and hardly need listing. It is time that composers took the attitude so strongly and so successfully held by the late Walter Leigh and the late Maurice Jaubert. Both these composers tended to use small groupings of instruments and to achieve effects

by a study of the *placing* of the instruments in relation to the microphone. They also realised the value of other (non-musical) sound effects in relation to their scores.

The other point arises logically. If the composer should "be entrusted with a say in the film's creation from the beginning", and if he must make sacrifices "in order to achieve the maximum integration with the film", then it is clear that he should, as did Leigh, conceive his work in terms of the total soundtrack—that is, dialogue and effects as well as music. His work should in fact be the *sound* score, not just the music score; and in this sense the creative contribution he can make is well worth "sacrifice of personality" and the general give-and-take in which all members of a film team are involved.

Let me add I am not merely blaming the composers. Too many producers and directors are content either with a "name" or a hack, and give short shrift to the score in both cases.

Yours faithfully,

BASIL WRIGHT

COMPETITION

No. 8. It is alleged that Field Marshal Montgomery once called for a film entitled *The Red Army*, in the belief that it dealt with Russian military achievements, only to discover that the film's subject was the life and ways of the red ant. Suggest three other such possible misunderstandings by prominent personalities. Film titles must be genuine. Closing date, December 25th. Entries should be addressed to SIGHT AND SOUND, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, with "Competition" marked on top left-hand corner of envelope.

Report on No. 6. Few entries were received for this competition probably as a result of the unfortunate late appearance of SIGHT AND SOUND (to which reference is made in our correspondence columns). The competition—to provide cinema managers' campaigns to sell films not generally regarded as having box office attraction—produced some pleasing ideas, although no competitor succeeded in sustaining the right note throughout. We print the two most consistent.

Un Chien Andalou

Telegrams from the manager of the Mogul Cinema, Rankton.

1. To Premier, Free Andalousians, London. Please cancel your visit gala premiere, regrettable misunderstanding.
2. To Lassie, Hollywood, U.S.A. As above. Edible hand follows tomorrow consolation.
3. Chappell, London. Request two grand pianos, reliable castors imperative.
4. The Pope, Vatican, Rome. Request two priests personal appearance uplift. Must be capable of moving grand pianos, two.
5. General Supplies, London. Request artist's model, female, pneumatic, shameless stop culture.
6. Zoo, London. Request flies urgent one calf's eye two donkeys.
7. Bevan, Ministry of Health, London. Request free amputation hand immediate.
8. Gillette, London. Will blade cut eye if so inform publicity.
9. Public Decency League, London. Request ban Mogul campaign blasphemous indecent sadistic.
10. Signwriters, Rankton. Request positively only adults repeat only twelve foot scarlet.
11. Ministry of Health, London. Request anaesthetic chargeable my account.
12. Signwriters, Rankton. Request House Full previous dimensions.

M. W. BERESFORD (25s.)

Orson Welles' Macbeth

1. Musical stage representation of a Highland Regiment playing the bagpipes.
2. Window display by the biggest department store in the district of the latest "Macbeth" tartan patterns in ladies' skirts, men's shirts, handbags, etc., with a technicolor-printed card exhorting "Be in the fashion. Wear Macbeth tartans and see the film. The Harry Lime theme's on bagpipes now!"

3. Window display by the district's largest grocers of a variety of soup ingredients, sauces, etc., surmounted by a card inscribed: "Thrill to the three witches in "Macbeth" at the Gaudeon. But thrill to the taste of these ingredients in *your cauldron*".

4. Parade of sandwichmen along the High Street, all holding leafy branches above their heads and wearing placards screaming: "See a forest marching on its stomach! The Third Man quits the Black Market of Vienna for the blue blood of Scotland! A blood-stained saga of a strong man brought low by a scheming woman!"

5. Competition organised through the local papers: "What does Macbeth wear under his kilt? Draftprufe undies, of course! Write an essay of not more than 200 words, in the language of Shakespeare, extolling the virtues of Draftprufe underwear."

L. EDMONDS (10/6)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Stills:

NATIONAL FILM LIBRARY for *Poil de Carotte*, *The Kid*, *Curly Top*, *Zero de Conduite*, picture of the Barrandov Studios.

WESSEX FILMS for *Family Portrait* and picture of Jennings.

BRITISH LION for *Seven Days to Noon*, *Chance of a Lifetime*, *Macbeth*, *Fallen Idol*.

C.O.I. for *The Undefeated*.

EALING STUDIOS for *Hue and Cry*.

EROS FILMS for *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

UNITED ARTISTS for *The Men*, *City Lights*.

STRICK FILM COMPANY for *Muscle Beach*.

R.K.O. RADIO for *Citizen Kane*, *Wagonmaster*.

20th CENTURY-FOX for *The Gunfighter*.

WARNER BROS. for *The Damned Don't Cry*, portrait of Tennessee Williams.

M.G.M. for Production Conference Still (*Little Women*), *Crisis*, *If you Feel Like Singing*.

COLUMBIA PICTURES for *Lady from Shanghai*.

SEQUENCE for *Wagonmaster*, *Citizen Kane*, *Strandhugg*, *Zero de Conduite*.

UNIVERSALIA for *La Terra Trema*.

SACHA GORDINE for *Un Homme Marche dans la Ville*, *La Ronde*.

MEMNON FILMS for *Ballerina*.

PAUL HAESAERTS and ART ET CINEMA for *De Renoir à Picasso*.

Material:

Victor Gollancz, Methuen, Jarrold's, Grey Walls Press, Hamish Hamilton, Heinemann, Chatto and Windus, Faber and Faber: A. M. Heath, Curtis Brown, A. D. Peters, Pearn, Pollinger and Higham for extracts from novels credited in "The World Inside". JONATHAN CAPE for Stevie Smith's poem in "Mother, What is Man?"

CORRESPONDENTS

U.S.A.: Harold Leonard

FRANCE: Francis Koval

ITALY: Robert Hawkins

A TRIBUTE TO HUMPHREY JENNINGS

Time and Place to be Announced

A public tribute, in the form of an orchestral and film performance, with the purpose of raising a fund for his dependants.

Film Programme:

WORDS FOR BATTLE LISTEN TO BRITAIN
FIRES WERE STARTED

and

FAMILY PORTRAIT

(Jennings' last film, made for the Festival of Britain)

Orchestral Programme by the London Symphony
Orchestra

*Tickets will be obtainable from the Secretary
of the Humphrey Jennings Memorial Fund
Committee at*

THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

COPYRIGHT in all articles published in SIGHT AND SOUND is reserved to the British Film Institute. Opinions expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the British Film Institute.

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICES: British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. (Temple Bar 1642.)

SIGHT AND SOUND is sent free every month to members of the Institute: annual subscription rate (12 issues), 21s. including postage.

EDITOR: Gavin Lambert

ASSISTANT: Penelope Houston

PRINTED BY M^cCorquodale & Co. Ltd., London, England.

BLOCKS BY W. F. Sedgwick, Ltd., London

ADVERTISING OFFICES: Husey & Co., 92 Fleet Street, E.C.4. (Central 8209.)

NEW INDEX SERIES

No. 1

CARL DREYER

by

Ebbe Neergaard

Designed as a permanent and authoritative record of the cinema's leading figures, these books are now appearing in a new format

Now Published

2/6 each

Illustrated

No. 2

MARCEL CARNE

by

Jean Quéval

THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE

164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH FILM 1906-1914

British Film Academy Recommendation

By Rachael Low

The book consists of two parts. In the first the subjects treated include the growth of the picture palace and early circuits, companies and personalities in British film production. The second and major part is an account of the contents and treatment of British factual, comic and dramatic films of the time; an analysis of the æsthetic development of the film; and a detailed, illustrated study of the three major British feature films of the period.

"A standard work likely to go down in history itself, this series is vital to the library of any student of the film." — *"Film Industry"*, Volume II, *Illustrated*, 25s. net.

Volume I (1896-1906) is reprinting but will be ready shortly.

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD.

40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1

M^CCORQUODALE & Co. Ltd

PRINTERS OF THIS REVIEW

are one of the largest general printing organisations in the world, with branches in many large towns in Great Britain; Khartoum, Sudan; New York, U.S.A.; and Toronto, Canada.

60/68, ST. THOMAS STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

Old movie films, stills, posters of any description, or anything else connected with old movies purchased or will make trade. Will purchase entire libraries. Laurel Roden, 400 West 56th Street, New York 19, New York

CINEMA AND THEATRE

A Series of Special Programmes

January—March, 1951

The Films include :

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK (Hitchcock)

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN (Lubitsch)

LES PARENTS TERRIBLES (Cocteau)

TOBACCO ROAD (Ford)

LES DEUX TIMIDES (Clair)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND

THE MIRACLE (Rossellini)

and many excerpts

All Details From

THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE

164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

*All the experts
say it's marvellous*



The NEW Ampro

Stylist

16mm. Sound & Silent PROJECTOR

- FOR EDUCATION
- FOR ENTERTAINMENT
- WEIGHT UNDER 33 lbs.
- WONDERFULLY QUIET OPERATION
- LOW PRICE

It's Streamlined, Lightweight, and Compact in one case. 750 or 1,000 watt Lamp. Superb Sound

PRICE: £157 10 0

New Streamlined Mains Transformer £10 10 0

See your AMPRO dealer NOW

You will be amazed and delighted with the Ampro "Stylist" Projector. "Built to last a Lifetime."
Illustrated literature on request

SIMPLEX-AMPRO Ltd.

Head Office:

167-169 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.1

Sales Department:

27-28 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

**SIGHT
* * * * *
AND
* * * * *
SOUND
* * * * ***

*are both perfect in the
16mm. prints ready for you
at*

**METRO
* * * * *
GOLDWYN
* * * * *
MAYER
* * * * ***

*whose famous films are unchanged
in length and quality for home,
club and institutional use*

PLEASE ADDRESS ALL 16mm. ENQUIRIES TO

**1 BELGRAVE
PLACE, LONDON
S.W.1**

**Telephone:
SLOane
0746**



Always in the lead . . .

. . . with something new in design or an exclusive and authoritative article on up to date developments and progress in the 16 mm. field, "The Mini-Cinema" offers each month an important survey of this progressive industry.

Its monthly review of films, society news and brilliant articles by well known associates of the trade makes it an essential journal for all interested in 16 mm. in all its branches.

Price 1/- monthly

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 12/6 post free

**THE
MINI-CINEMA**

THE LEADING JOURNAL OF THE 16 mm. INDUSTRY

16113

Published by
THE CINEMA PRESS LTD.,
93/95 WARDOUR STREET
LONDON, W.1